


# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 20, 1959

*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

A close-up, color portrait of a man with dark, wavy hair, smiling and looking slightly to the left. He is wearing a red tank top. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with green foliage.

World's decathlon record holder  
**KUZNETSOV**  
OF RUSSIA

PREVIEW

**U.S.A.** vs.  
**U.S.S.R.**

THE TRACK BATTLE OF 1959



© 1999 Imported by THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, New York, NY. All rights reserved.

## The Gin that made 190 Summers cooler...

When you mix with Gordon's Gin, you enjoy all the subtle dryness and delicacy of flavor that makes Gin & Tonic so refreshing. Tall, cool drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin! First distilled in 1769—still traditionally distilled for authentic London Dry Gin quality.

There's no Gin like **GORDON'S**

**NOW PATENTED\*!**  
Improved process  
makes

GORDON'S VODKA  
smoothest, cleanest  
of all Vodkas—  
absolutely neutral!

U.S. Pat. No. 5,878,885



© DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN 80 PROOF • DISTILLED VODKA 80 AND 100 PROOF • BOTH 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LONDON, W. 1

# REWARD

Sure as shootin', every man who smokes the new

## PHILLIES CHEROOT

WILL GET A GENUINE REWARD IN SMOKING PLEASURE!

**What's more, pardner, these**



are **MIRACLE MILD**

Why these cigars are as smooth and light as the sun settin' over the hills.

**THE SIZE IS NEW - THE SHAPE IS NEW**

**BUT DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY UNTIL  
YOU CARRY AWAY THE HANDY FRESH  
PACK OF 5 FOR 28 CENTS!**

*Slick on the draw  
and big as your trigger finger!*



**PICK UP A FRESH PACK TODAY**

You can trust it with your life . . .  
mile after mile!

THE FABULOUS

## GENERAL DUAL 90



25,000 - 35,000 - 50,000 MILES

Never another  
flat tire

No matter where or when you drive,  
you can depend on the incomparable  
General Dual 90 for maximum mileage  
. . . for peak protection against  
punctures and blowouts. The General Dual 90  
is America's most talked about tire.

*See your nearest General Tire Dealer  
or your favorite automobile agency*

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Cover: Vasily Karginov ▶

The handsome Russian on the cover is one of the world's finest track athletes. To see how he and his teammates will fare against the U.S. this week, turn to page 10.

Photograph by James Whitmore

## Next week



▶ A hulking boniface whose Manhattan tavern has become a recognized dateline in the *Wonderful World of Sport* opens a sentimental album of photos as Tony Danza's class.

▶ A report on the many egos of the *Body Beautiful*, from the substantial Vic Tanny to Muscle Beach, with a special look at the daddy bodybuilder of them all, Charles Atlas.

▶ A bus-seat visit with Frank Lane, the man who reads everything and says everything, as he watches his league-leading Indians play four big games against the Yankees.

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in a National and Eastern edition. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 one year.



## Contents

JULY 25, 1979 Edition No. Number 1

### 10 Here They Come!

A tough, dedicated track team from the U.S.S.R. challenges the U.S. Tex Maule picks the winners

### 14 Spectacle: Eskimos at Play

Artist John Gash sketches the fun and furious games of an all-too-short Hudson Bay summer

### 26 Old World's New Heartthrob

Ingemar Johansson, who proved right was right, returns in triumph in an adulatory Sweden

### 30 Bill Shea and the Third League

A fast-talking New York lawyer blows a trail which may lead straight to the big leagues

### 34 Safe at Home!

The dramatic action of a play at the plate is caught in color by Hy Peskin

### 36 Star Racers and Stormy Spouses

The sailing team of Skip and Mary Ethells battle it out on a sea, dirt leg. By James Poling

### 48 A New Bantamweight Champ

James Murray tells how José Berroa won the title, in the sportsworld's delight of old Mexico

### 60 Golden Greenwood

San Francisco's shimmering Golden Gate Park and the men who made it great. By Horace Saltin

## The departments

7 Scoreboard

8 Baseball's Week

9 Coming Events

26 Wonderful World

42 Boating

46 Food

48 Boxing

50 Horse Racing

52 Harness Racing

54 Home Show

56 Charles Goren

57 Golf

55 19th Hole

68 Pat on the Back

Acknowledgments on page 7

REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

# Powder Snow in August!



**Ski now in Chile**  
**New low air fare \$420**  
**round trip to Santiago**

Why put your skis away this summer? Take them to winter in South America where the seasons are the reverse of ours.

#### Low-cost tours, too.

This new low round-trip fare, \$420 from Miami, combined with ski hotel rates, as low as \$7 a day with meals, makes possible new all-inclusive ski tours at attractive cost. From now to October you can ski at Portillo, with its magnificent tows, lifts, and nine-mile run . . . Farellones, with one of the New World's best ski slopes . . . La Parva, with its mile-long chair lift. The low cost of the tours includes round-trip air fares, local transportation, room, meals, tips, sightseeing.

Resorts range from a 300-bed cosmopolitan hotel with night club, movies and a skating rink, to excellent "refugios" with dormitory-type accommodations. You may rent ski equipment or take yours with you. Clip coupon and send for details of the tours today.

**PANAGRA**  
 WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

Mr. Paul A. McGuire, Ski Desk  
 PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS  
 Chrysler Building, N. Y. 17, N. Y.  
 Please send me complete information  
 about ski tours to South America.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## MEMO from the publisher

THESE is restless energy about John Groth, in his life and his art. This week you can see it in his paintings of sport among the Eskimos of the eastern arctic.

It would, for one thing, be hard to find a more widely traveled artist. Both as war correspondent and freelance wanderer he has been to the four corners of the earth. For another, it would be equally hard to find a more prolific artist. Groth's immense capacity for production comes in part from early training. At the beginning he asked a noted painter his recipe for success. "Young man," came the brusque reply, "just make 100 drawings a day—every day." Years later Groth, whose work is now in the collections of such museums as the National Gallery in Washington and the Chicago Art Institute, told his adviser how, literally, he had followed the advice. "Lord," said the incredulous painter, "I wish I'd done it myself!"

Groth has a reporter's talent for getting into the foreground of what is going on. During World War II, for instance, he was among the first Allied correspondents to enter Paris on the day when the French capital was liberated. A little less than a year later he was suspended by SHAEF

—for getting to Berlin too soon!

It's a talent which has upended him on more than one assignment, particularly in the world of sport, to which, with his love for catching and conveying movement, he has always turned for material. Sketching Notre Dame scrimmages and inevitably

edging toward the action, he once played doorman for the closets of Johnny Lujack on what Groth calls, with wry understatement, "a kind of deceptive lateral play." On another occasion the Dodgers' Cookie Lavagetto laid him flat with a line drive. And a Kentucky Thoroughbred, standing for its portrait, unceremoniously kicked him over

when Groth, this time preoccupied with form rather than motion, came too close.

Groth's feeling for action combines with an exceptional ability to record it graphically—qualities which have made him a frequent contributor to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. His friend Ernest Hemingway understood them when he wrote an introduction to one of Groth's books, *Studio: Europe*. Of its wartime drawings Hemingway said, "If John would have made them from any closer up front he would have had to have sat in the Krauts' laps."



JOHN GROTH

*Arthur Murphy*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50 All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00.

SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 560 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, Ill. Change of address requires three weeks notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Charge negative ad or web as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 8 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

OTHER TIME INC. PUBLICATIONS TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and ARTS & SCIENCE CHARITABLE, Maurice T. Moore, President, Roy K. Leeson, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Richard Shurtz, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Stillman, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Rosenburgh, Vice President, Edgar E. Baker, Bernard Rump, Clay Burdison, Arnold W. Condon, Allen Greer, Andrew Hensell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Lunn, Ralph D. Palmer Jr., P. I. Padden, Weston C. Pallas Jr., Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey,



## Suddenly, there's a Schweppes-woman!

**H**AS MAN no place left to call his own? No, not even Schweppes famous advertisements.

Now a Schweppes-woman appears beside Commander Whitehead, to beat the drams for Schweppes astonishing little bubbles ("Schweppervescence") and curiously refreshing flavor.

"A flavor," reminds Goodwife Whitehead, "we owe

to ingredients that Edward imports from England."

Considering that her husband has to transport Schweppes vital ingredients over 3000 miles of Atlantic, isn't it wonderful that Schweppes costs you only a few cents more than domestic substitutes?

So get the real stuff—Schweppes Tonic. Remember, Schweppes made Gin-and-Tonic famous!

SCHWEPES: "Only a few cents difference in price . . . but a priceless difference in taste!"







Why the fastest growing success in medium-price cars is first in resale, too



## Ambassador V-8 *by Rambler*

270 horsepower—117 inch wheelbase—200 inch overall length

While sales of most other medium-price cars are down, Ambassador sales are up 84 % over last year! Why is the 270 HP Ambassador V-8 fastest growing in popularity in its field? Why is Ambassador resale value highest of any medium-priced car? Because Ambassador is easiest to handle in its field. Just nine inches longer than Rambler—one to two feet shorter than other medium-price cars, yet with more room and luxury than most. Parks anywhere, fits any garage. Top V-8 performance with outstanding V-8 economy. Personalized Luxury: individually adjustable front seats. Lowest first cost of all medium-price V-8 cars. At your Rambler dealer's.



Cedric Adams... "He really went to the stars thousands of readers of his well-known newspaper column, and a popular figure with radio and television audiences."

### "A Unique Combination of Luxury and Convenience"

writes CEDRIC ADAMS, COLUMNIST AND RADIO-TV PERSONALITY

"Maneuverability, riding comfort and response are just some of the joys I've experienced in my Ambassador station wagon. Never have I seen such zip, ring and zoom in a car in all my life! Ambassador has given me the most amazing driving pleasure I've ever known."

Test-Drive the Ambassador V-8...  
Finest Car Ever Priced So Close to the Lowest



# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

The rampaging San Francisco Giants put together their longest win streak of the season (four straight, nine out of 12) and rode into first place. With Sam Jones providing the necessary lift from the bullpen (he won two in relief in as many days) and Willie Mays running and hitting again, the Giants looked tough, indeed. Most important, however, the fatal hole at short was temporarily repaired when Eddie Bressoud again replaced the erratic Andre Rodgers. Bressoud's smooth fielding steadied the infield (especially on double plays) and of all things, he hit, too (8 for 16). The rejuvenated Los Angeles Dodgers, moving smoothly now, ran off five in a row. Manager Alton solved his relief problem by throwing in one of his time young starters whenever things got rough. The Milwaukee Braves, who have played bad baseball for a month (12-12), dropped all the way to third as the team lost five of its last eight games. It was too much for the disenchanted citizens of Milwaukee—they hung Manager Haney in effigy. Those spine-tingling Pittsburgh Pirates won three more games in extra innings (12 out of 13) and relentless Roy Face won two more in relief (14-0). The team was strengthened when Roberto Clemente, out with an elbow injury since the end of May, returned to add punch to the high-lifting outfield. "We're jelling as a team," said Manager Hemus of the St. Louis Cardinals. "The way our attack has come around, it's all up to the pitching." With four regulars hitting over .300 (White, Cimoli, Boyer and Cunningham), two just below (Hal Smith and Blasingame) and Stan Musial up to .276, the Cards slowly climbed up through the league. The Chicago Cubs just couldn't

hit in the clutch. In losing five in a row the Cubs lost 40 men on base, lost by scores of 5-2, 4-3, 5-3, 4-3, 7-6. The Cincinnati Reds changed managers for the fourth time in less than a year when they fired quiet, unobtrusive Mayo Smith and brought tough, explosive Fred Hutchinson back into the league after a brief absence. It didn't make much difference, for the team showed it couldn't win no matter who was manager. The Reds extended their losing streak to six games—three for Mayo, three for Hutch. Despite the heavy hitting of Joe Koppe and Gene



**DOODER STRENGTH** was emphasized in pitching of starters Don Drysdale and Roger Craig, who beat Braves in relief.

tween starts. "He needs more zip on his fast ball," said Manager Richards. "He can't exist on a knuckle alone. When he gets two strikes, batters have been slapping at the knuckle ball with half swings, punching out singles that hurt. Any kind of fast pitch will stop that." Time is running out on the New York Yankees. While losing four in a row and six out of their last seven, the Yanks played sloppy ball in the field, got mediocre pitching. The biggest shock has been the turnaround of Turley and Ford. Last year they were 23-7; now they are 18-16. The Detroit Tigers got all of their crimples back into action, yet still couldn't win. Poor pinch-hitting and a big hole at first base where Zernial and Osborne took turns floundering around, just about ruined the team's chances. "The Tigers are still the Tigers," observed Cleveland GM Frank Lane. Enough said. The Washington Senators found it takes more than home runs to win consistently. When Killer and Co. bashed six in two games, the Senators won. When the home run sluggers were stopped, the team lost three, scoring only one run in all. The Boston Red Sox suddenly came alive for new manager Billy Jurgens. With newly found hustle and some heavy hitting, the Sox piled up 37 runs to roll over the Yankees four straight times. The Kansas City Athletics got flashes of good pitching but still dropped into the cellar.

Standings: NY 47-36, LA 47-36, Phil 44-40, NY 41-42, Det 42-44, Wash 39-44, Cin 37-45, KC 35-47.

## RUNS PRODUCED

	Bats	Runs	Total
	Scored	Produced	Produced
<b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>			
Baltimore (278)	68	45	113
Yankees (284)	53	48	101
White Sox (294)	45	38	83
Angels (295)	42	31	73
Cleveland (295)	34	31	65
<b>NATIONAL LEAGUE</b>			
Boston (303)	58	54	112
Atlanta (304)	38	51	89
Pirates (304)	48	42	90
Braves (314)	47	42	89
Reds (315)	36	54	90

\*Derived by combining RBIs with RBs

Freese, it was another dreary round for the Philadelphia Phillies. Yes, Joe Koppe. He's the regular shortstop now and he batted .435 last week. Freese, a spectacular pinch hitter early in the year (five home runs), has made folks forget all about Willie Jones at third. He also hit .435 last week.

Standings: SF 49-35, LA 49-35, Phil 45-39, NY 41-42, Det 42-44, Cin 37-45, KC 35-47.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Cleveland Indians had a letdown in pitching. But the hitters, led by Tito Francona (14 for 22 on one point, 397 over-all) banged the ball hard and took up some of the slack. Aggressively Cal McElish, the Indians' only consistent pitcher, won his sixth in a row, five of them complete games. The Chicago White Sox, generally scoring just enough runs to win (17 out of 21 games by one run), stayed within trailing distance of the Indians. Hitting did pick up a bit though after 22-year-old rookie Jim McManis was inserted in right. He's batting .378 since coming up from the minors. The Baltimore Orioles finally recalled sure-handed Brooks Robinson to stop the ground balls that had been skipping past third base. It was also decided that Hoyt Wilhelm (knocked out of five straight times before winning a game last week) could use more rest be-

## STARS OF THE SEASON

	American League	National League
<b>THE BEST PITCHERS</b>		
Games won	McLish (11)	Face (12-0)
Complete games	Gray (14)	Burdette (11)
Win. pct. game	Stout (1.0)	Conley (1.0)
Worst pct. game	Gray (1.0)	Conley (1.0)
30+ pct. game	Gray (1.0)	Conley (1.0)
Runs per game	McLish, Best (2.3)	Face (2.0)
<b>THE BEST HITTERS</b>		
Percentage	Stout (34)	Gray (34)
Home runs	McLish (30)	Gray (30)
30+ pct. game	Gray (1.0)	Conley (1.0)
Worst pct. game	Gray (1.0)	Conley (1.0)
30+ pct. game	Gray (1.0)	Conley (1.0)
Runs per game	McLish, Best (2.3)	Face (2.0)

THE BEST PERFORMERS PER GAME  
Most runs: Cleveland 4-8, San Francisco 4-8  
Fewest runs: Cleveland 4-8, San Francisco 4-8  
Most hits: New York 9-25, St. Louis 9-15  
Fewest opp. hits: Cleveland 1-14, San Francisco 1-14  
Most RBIs: Milwaukee 2-30, Pittsburgh 0-37  
Fewest opp. RBIs: Washington 0-30, Pittsburgh 0-37

## TEAM LEADERS

	Batters	Pitchers
	Runs	Wins
<b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>		
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
<b>NATIONAL LEAGUE</b>		
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25
Clayton Kershaw	334	25

Based statistics through Saturday, July 11

## COMING EVENTS

July 17 to July 23

All times are E.D.T.

★ Color television ▼ Television ■ Network radio

### Friday, July 17

- BASEBALL**
  - Chicago at Chicago, 2:58 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
  - Caban vs. Tiger, middle, 10 rds., Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE RACING** (continued)
  - The American National Maternity race, \$65,000, Cincin, 11

### Saturday, July 18

- AUTO RACING**
  - Natl. SCCA race, Riverside, Calif.
- BASEBALL**
  - Chicago at New York, 1:58 p.m. (CBS)
  - San Francisco at Pittsburgh, 1:58 p.m. (NBC)
  - Los Angeles at Philadelphia, 3:50 p.m. (Mutual)
- SEVUELE RACING**
  - Tour de France, final day, Paris
- BOATING**
  - Chicago Mackinac sailing race, Chicago
  - Diamond Cup, unlimited hydro, 4,000 ft. Alton, Idaho (also July 19)
  - Larchmont Race Week, Larchmont, N.Y., through July 21
- HORSE RACING**
  - Hollywood Juvenile Championship, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, Calif., 6:35 p.m. (NBC)
  - Great American, \$50,000, Jamaica, New York (CBS)
  - Baltimore Annapolis Memorial, \$50,000, Arlington Park, Ill.
  - New Castle, \$44,000, Delaware Park, Del.
- TENNIS**
  - Eastern Senior Clay Court championships, Forest Hills, N.Y. (through July 20)
- TRUCK & FIELD**
  - U.S. S.S. 1,000 Mile, Philadelphia (also July 19) (NBC)

### Sunday, July 19

- AUTO RACING**
  - NASCAR Grand National division, \$4,300, Hickory, Pa.
- BASEBALL**
  - Cleveland at Boston, 1:55 p.m. (NBC)
  - Chicago at New York, 1:55 p.m. (CBS-TV, Mutual radio)
- BOXING**
  - The California Rodeo, \$53,200, final day, Redlands, Calif.
- TENNIS**
  - USTA Clay Court championships, final day, Chicago

### Monday, July 20

- BASEBALL**
  - Hall of Fame Game, Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Kansas City Athletics, Cooperstown, N.Y., 1:50 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
  - U.S. Open championships, Omaha (through Aug. 1)
- TENNIS**
  - Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis championships, Haverford, Pa. (through July 26)

### Tuesday, July 21

- BOXING**
  - Chevrolet Frontier Darts, \$23,700, Claymont, Wye (through July 23)

### Wednesday, July 22

- BASEBALL**
  - Boston at Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
  - Martha vs. Vargas, heavy, 10 rds., Portland, Ore., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE RACING**
  - Sunset Handicap, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.
  - Anglo-American, \$50,000, Arlington Park, Ill.

### Thursday, July 23

- BASEBALL**
  - Boston at Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
  - ITCA International Open, \$20,000, Mount Pleasant, Ill. (through July 24)
- HORSE RACING** (continued)
  - Thomas W. Murphy cup, \$12,500, Verona, N.Y.

\* See local listing



"I want a man's deodorant... no sissy perfume for me!"



"Just give me a deodorant that doesn't quit!"



"Any deodorant I use should put in a full day's work!"



"Protection that doesn't fade... that's for me!"

## MEN! Get TRIG... new roll-on deodorant with *STAYING POWER*

- TRIG—great new deodorant for men—protects you against odor up to 27 hours! That's *staying power*!
- TRIG checks perspiration all day! And its protection *builds*—hours after you've rolled TRIG on, protection has actually increased! TRIG won't let you down when you need it!
- TRIG has the clean smell you want... the *staying power* you need! Try new TRIG soon!



### TRIG—THE ROLL-ON DEODORANT FOR MEN

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN, VITALIS, AND IPANAX

# HERE THEY COME!

**The Soviet athletic army, determined, strong and secretive, invades the U.S. for a track meet—but should be beaten**

by **TEX MAULE**

**N**EXT TO putting a Soviet citizen in orbit, heads of the U.S.S.R. polity would probably rather drub the United States in the dual track meet in Philadelphia this week than achieve any other single thing. If you score the meet as the Soviets will—men and women together—they stand a chance, for the Russian female, at least in track and field, is much deadlier than the male. The U.S., of course, will score the meets as two separate competitions. With no solid precedent for scoring such a dual meet, the nations seem to have reached tacit agreement to score the meet—or meets—to suit themselves. The U.S. men, who won 126-109 last summer in Moscow, should increase that margin; the U.S. women, who lost 63-44, may not do as well this year.

Other than whatever international awareness this meet engenders, its

most significant aspect may be the makeup of the two teams. The United States team, replenished by the almost inexhaustible supply of good young athletes in this country, will have only 16 men who were on the 41-man 1958 team in Moscow, yet the team will be even stronger. The Russians, alarmed at their disappointing showing last year, instituted a crash program of accelerated training. This plan is probably directed toward the Olympics next year, but it seems to have produced small return so far. Of the 42 men who make up the Soviet team, 20 are holdovers from 1958. The Soviet team has strength where it had strength last year, but is no better in some field events and shorter runs. The Americans are developing international class in events like the hop, step and jump, long considered somewhat esoteric over here.

In any case, it would be wrong to

assume that the U.S. and Soviet Russia between them are completely dominating the track and field world. There are some remarkably improved athletes in other European countries and Australia, as we shall be discovering at the Olympics next year.

The violent and often unbecoming effort implicit in track competition has made it unattractive to American women. If it weren't for a dedicated group of young ladies from Tennessee State we would be weak indeed; even weaker than we are.

A measure of the U.S. depth on the male side is that the loss of defending champions Rafer Johnson in the decathlon and Glenn Davis in the 400-meter hurdles and the 400-meter run affects the outcome very little.

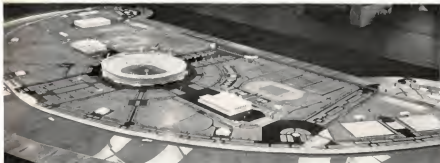
American coaches just back from a Finnish meet report that the Russians have concealed their true strength, which seems a fairly unproductive stratagem. Said one Soviet official, mysteriously: "Wait and see what we do to you in Philadelphia."

He must have meant the women.

TURN PAGE FOR FIVE CHART

**PRECEDING** the Soviet track invasion was a cultural team headed by First Deputy Premier Frol Kozlov, which set up a display of Soviet achievements in the New York Coliseum. Characteristic of all-out athletic effort is a model of the 960-acre sports complex surrounding Moscow's Lenin Stadium, which hopefully awaits a future Olympics.

**ARMS OUTFLUNG**, legs peddling, Russian 26-foot broad jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan seems to personify the powerful Soviet drive for worldwide sports supremacy.





## PREDICTION

# Men: WE WIN 132-104 Women: WE LOSE 41-66

Scoring at the meet (5,3,2,1) helps the weaker team, since the entrant finishing fourth and last is automatically credited with a possibly undeserved point. But this will not prevent victory for either our men or the Russian women. Here, says Tex Maule, is the probable order of finish in each of the 32 events

### 400 METERS

Southern's sprint speed-line kick puts him ahead all the way. Dave Millyeung and inexperienced own ghost behind Southern for second. The Russians Grachev, a rather doughy third and the veteran Igmatyev close to him in fourth. U.S. all the way.



**EDDIE SOUTHERN**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### 800 METERS

Tom Murphy, a smoother, thoughtful Irishman, has learned to add his wonderful finishing sprint to a hard early pace and is now one of the world's best. Jerome Walker, in a fine featherly stride—second ahead of Russians Krivoshegov and Sevidov.



**TOM MURPHY**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### 100 METERS

One of the eternal virtues of sport is that the U.S. continues to breed wonderful sprinters. Latest, one of the best, is Ray Norton, the panther-striped U.S. champion. His high-speed flaring finish should out Pevter, low Gordin and Wastnyev.



**RAY NORTON**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### 200 METERS

Norton's course, which picks up ground quickly in the closing yards, makes him even tougher at 200 meters. The Russians start well but they can't match Norton or Vance Robinson at top speed. Norton, Robinson, Robinson, then Hartingev, Karmayev.



**RAY NORTON**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### 1,500 METERS

Never pick a neophyte in international competition because of the tension involved. But Daryl Burleson is a true neophyte. His great strength and a fine stride should shake capable Jim Giesle, who will struggle to beat Soviet's Solokov and Marmakov.



**DARL BURLESON**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### 5,000 METERS

Delgado, a true sprinter and a brilliant runner, gives the United States unquestioned strength in this race. His strong finish, on top of sustained pace, puts him first, trailed by Russian's Holomeyev. Artyukov, Wright, tall, strong, a close fourth, even third.



**BILL DELGADO**  
Faded States

U.S. 6-5

### 10,000 METERS

This 10,000 meter, long a lagged at distances over a half mile, hasn't quite caught up yet. The Russians—fast-flooding Robert Pogorelec and Aleksey Degatchnikov—have turned two minutes better than Max Trues or Bob Smith. Maymag, just behind.



**R. POGORELEC**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### 20-KM. WALK

The Russians, with their old-fashioned style, far outstrip the U.S. entry in the walk. Vladimir Golubinsky and Anatoli Gaidukov are the best walkers and would be a rush in the 10 clock team race. Golubinsky, then Vedukov, over Holme, Trues.



**V. GOLUBINSKY**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### 110-M. HURDLES

Calhoun, with the essential speed for a short race and incomparable hurdling technique, may trail for a few hurdles against Hayes-Jones' earlier start. After that it is Calhoun ahead enough over the last hurdle to hold off Jones. Muchnikoff third, Hinesbury.



**LEE CALHOUN**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### 400-M. HURDLES

Dark Howard, who spent half-century before Glenn Davis, has improved rapidly, looks capable soon of breaking 50 seconds. Davis, not with a lame back will be replaced by Josh Callaway. But the Americans should still be able to outpace Klien, Litvay.



**DICK HOWARD**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### STEEPLECHASE

A very grinding race, the steeplechase, because it is studied in few American events and no one likes to run it is all Russia. Sergey Rikhtshin and Sergei Danovskiy should win as they prove ahead of Americans Phil Coleman and George Young.



**S. RIKHTSHIN**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-3

### POLE VAULT

Dan Bragg's speed and his power make him the best vaulter in the world. He seems well to competition may set a world record here if the runway is good. Ross Morris has speed and courage but the Russians—Bulatov second, Pyrenko third—are improving.



**DAN BRAGG**  
Faded States

U.S. 6-5

### JAVELIN

Al Cantello, who 200 meters of his age group this nearly any other javelin thrower, needs a track given that he should win handsily Vladimir Kuznetsov, around 250 this year but capable of over 350, second, then Tshabulko and U.S.'s Hunter Quint.



**AL CANTELLO**  
Faded States

U.S. 6-5

### HIGH JUMP

In an event in which technique plays a major part, the Russians are very consistent, very good. Charley Dumas, U.S. champion, on a good day can beat either Russian. But, on consistency, Igor Kashkarov first Dumas, Shavakadre, Errol Williams.



**KASHKAROV**  
Faded States

U.S. 8-7-4



## BROAD JUMP

The great gap seen of international competition is the ability to rise to an occasion, possessed in full measure by Greg Bell. Russia's 26-footer Igor Tyndakov may be a contender, but not enough spring. Bell, Tyndakov, Joel Wiley, Fedorov, in that order.



GREG BELL  
United States

U.S. 7-4

## HOP, STEP, JUMP

Here yet again is an event which no man intended a stepchild in U.S. track meets. The Russians rank among the world's best. Both Fedorov and Tyndakov are better than the two Americans—Isa Davis and Herman Stokes. Fedorov may set a record.



IGOR TYNDAKOV  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 8-3

## SHOTPUT

Last year in Moscow the Russians added to their considerable documentation on Parry O'Brien's style. Despite that, they can't touch the old master, nor one of his disciples, Dave Davis. Vartan Oreyevyan is the better Russian, but not good enough.



PARRY O'BRIEN  
United States

U.S. 8-3

## DISCUS

Al Genter, who gets tremendous distance from his controlled spin, ranks well ahead of the Russians, but O'Brien, doubting in discus and shot, may have trouble finishing second. Genter by a couple of feet, then Vladimir Lyakhov, O'Brien and Otto Gengalka.



AL GENTER  
United States

U.S. 7-4

## HAMMER THROW

At one time the hammer throw was as routine as an event as the stepchild in America, but no longer. New Harold Connolly, with a lightning-fast spin, holds the world's record. The Russians—Rudenko and Kryukov—are two and three, Barkuz last.



HAROLD CONNOLLY  
United States

U.S. 8-5

## DECATHLON

With Rafer Johnson unable to compete because of an injured back, Vasily Kuznetsov must be reckoned an easy victor. Dave Edrington, No. 2, man for the U.S., can squeak by Russia's Bukhanov; NYU's Mike Herman, new to the decathlon, cannot.



VASILY KUZNETSOV  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 7-4

## 400-M. RELAY

The world's best sprinters need fear no one, and it's the United States, going away. With Hayes Jones to fill out the team of Norton, Paynter and Robinson, the U.S. could drop the baton and win—nearly. Here, again, is a strong chance of a world record.



VANCE ROBINSON  
United States

U.S. 5-3

## 100 METERS

Popova's quick burst from the blocks puts her out in front, but long-legged Wilma Rudolph just might push her at the tape. Only a fingernail's difference will separate them. Teacup Lucinda Williams should shoulder her way past Vera Kreykova to take third.



GALINA POPOVA  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 6-5

## 800 METERS

Russian women are the old hands at this distance: the Americans will very green. Muscular Yanyaryova and Shvetsova will play tag, then make a simultaneous dash for the finish, leaving Lillian Green and Geary Butcher still back at the turn into the homestretch.



L. SHVETSOVA  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 8-3

## 80-M. HURDLES

Russia's Bystrova, with perfect form, is as a class by herself and should easily top teammate Galina Gennovsk. Neither Shirley Crowder nor Barbara Mueller has mastered the continuous flowing motion which gives the illusion of floating over the barriers.



GALINA BYSTROVA  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 8-3

## BROAD JUMP

Consistently over 28 feet, Shapovalova will top for a world record. Versatile Kreykova will have trouble outdistancing Margaret Matthews if Maggie gets her dander up. The youthful Anne Smith may have to take a back seat to her elders for this trip.



V. SHAPOVALOVA  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 8-3

## SHOTPUT

The biggest shock for Russians got last year was Eugene Smith's victory in the shotput. Not to be caught napping this year, too, the Russians are sending the 194-pound Tamara Press. Press could win within explosive 56-foot try. Zhilova can take Shepherd.



TAMARA PRESS  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 7-4

## 1,600-M. RELAY

Korn with Glenn Davis missing the United States should have no trouble. Eddie Southern, Dave Mills, Jack Yerman and Erik Howard rank among the best quarter miles in the world and the Russians can't match any one of them, let alone the four.



DAVE MILLS  
United States

U.S. 5-3

## 200 METERS

Still smarting from the surprise linking the took at the Moscow meet, Isabelle Daniels has buckled down to work. She's perfected her relaxed but powerful finishing kick and now can come in under 24. Teammate Williams should streak past the Russians.



ISABELLE DANIELS  
United States

U.S. 8-3

## 400-M. RELAY

Freedom-trained in the art of baton passing and speed to running together, Tennessee State's quartet of Rudolph, Williams, Jones and Hudson will romp far away from the U.S.S.R. team. In the process they may well establish a world record at Franklin Field.



WILMA RUDOLPH  
United States

U.S. 5-3

## HIGH JUMP

One of the few women in the world who can jump higher than her own head (5 feet 7 inches), Tamara Cherechik has only Galina Dolga to worry about. No hard competition from the Americans: Ann Reinger and Ann Flynn, who will bow out at 5 feet 3 inches.



TAISIYA CHERECHIK  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 8-3

## DISCUS

Bark to defend her Moscow win, the voracious Nina Ponomareva, constrained in her lightning-fast turns, will win. Earlene Brown has to keep the pressure on to beat back Eugenia Kuznetsova's challenge. As Pamela Kurrell finishes in a very distant fourth spot.



NINA PONOMAREVA  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 7-4

## JAVELIN

Thoroughly trained in the complicated run-up of the javelin, both Brute Zalasaitis and Albertina Shaitko are world-class. Each can throw the javelin 25 feet farther than Marjorie Larney or Amelia Wood, two New York City girls, who lack top coaching.



B. ZALASAITIS  
U.S.S.R.

U.S.S.R. 8-3

## SPECTACLE

*Painted by John Groth*



*Two youthful critics on Baffin Island watch John Groth sketch.*

# The Sun Returns to Hudson Bay

THE TEMPERATURE has nudged up past freezing, the ice will go soon, and the fun and games of summer are beginning to bloom in Canada's eastern arctic. Among the coastal settlements the Eskimos have abandoned the igloo pleasures of winter, the blackjack hands and the cribbage boards, the Chinese checkers and the cat's cradle manipulations. Instead, families have moved outdoors for trampoline contests, soccer and London Bridge Is Falling Down, plus such original exertions as whip ball and *angluktoktok*. Soon, with the sea lanes fully open, Eskimos will gravitate to a Hudson Bay post to unload the once-a-year trading ship and to race in kayaks.

These pictures of the Canadian Eskimos at play were painted by John Groth after two expeditions into the Hudson Bay area last year. In March he scouted the western shore of the bay by plane, roughing out stiff-fingered sketches in the 20°-below-zero weather. He went back in late June by trading ship to explore Baffin Island and the eastern bay, where he made more studies in 20°-above weather. And he completed his paintings in the comparative comfort of a sweltering New York summer.



## ARCTIC WHIP BALL

*Sealskin whips drive moss-stuffed ball in ferocious game. Groth saw no evidence that score was kept.*

**'NAGLUGATAK'**

*Walrus skin stretched tautly on stakes displays talents of Eskimo gymnasts. Girls use an exaggerated flutter kick for balancing.*







#### KAYAK RACING

*At ship time, men stage furious race at Port Harrison on Hudson Bay's eastern shore. On left is Dog Feed Island, where fish are kept. Hudson's Bay Co. ship Rupertland rides at right.*



#### WALRUS HUNT

Late-summer hunt is cooperative enterprise by Eskimos to supply fresh meat, hides, ivory and dog food. Sealskin bladders attached to ivory-tipped harpoons keep carcass afloat.

#### 'NUGLUKTAKTOK'

Risky game is a favorite male pastime. Players, wearing gauntlets, jab simultaneously at suspended ivory target with sharp harpoons. First to spear one of drilled holes is winner.



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## Hot Tip

TO THE horseplayer whose constant lament after losing a race is "There must be some way to beat the nags," we offer the following tip which, by past performance, should be a sure winner. Our information comes not from the horse's mouth, or even from the form sheet, but from the stock quotations. The tip: put your money on the race track, not on the horses.

Race track stockholders are cleaning up, even if the bettors are not. Happily, over-the-counter racing issues fit every purse, ranging from \$2.50 a share for Sunshine Park to \$65,000 for a share of Santa Anita, the most expensive stock in the country, which originally sold at \$5,000 per and now pays a \$5,000-a-year dividend. The man who bought \$100 worth of Roosevelt Raceway in the early 1940s now has holdings worth almost \$24,000. Yonkers Raceway, which sold at \$16 about a year ago, is now at \$35.

Just as enticing, perhaps, is one of the extra dividends passed along by most of the tracks to their stockholders: free season passes. Of course, owning stock in a race track won't quell the urge to bet, but at least the stock owner has the satisfaction of knowing, when he tears up his losing ticket, that he is putting money back into his own pocket. Well, a percentage of it anyway. So don't tell us you can't make money on the ponies.

## Bulls in the Living Room

RIDING the crest of an electronic wave that is already breaking on the beaches of golf and baseball, an ABC network vice-president recently announced plans to bring video-taped bullfights into U.S. living rooms.

The V.P. in question is Sterling Quinlan of Chicago's WBKB-TV,

who got the notion when a Mexican colleague, Emilio Azcarra, who televises an enormously popular bullfight program weekly over Telesistema, told him that Mexicans believe American sports are as brutal as most Americans consider bullfighting to be. Quinlan decided to televise a bullfight largely as a matter of promoting international understanding. He argues that television has a duty to

show aspects of the world beyond the horizon of the everyday life of the viewers. Bullfighting, he says, is too much a part of the ancient cultural and sporting traditions of the Latin-American world to be ignored. Advance mutterings indicate there is going to be a terrific protest from humane society groups, but Quinlan is prepared for them. "I don't feel that

*continued*

U.S.-BOUND RUSSIAN TRACK STARS MAKE SHABBY SHOWING IN LAST MOSCOW MEET

—News Item



Nikita: "Remember Johansson's right, Tarasovich. Don't show the Amerikanski; all you got too soon."

## A QUESTION OF PRIVACY

**T**wo or three times a year, when its courts and grandstands are made available for the nation's top tennis tournaments, the West Side Tennis Club at New York's Forest Hills becomes as much a public property as the Yankee Stadium. It is doubtful if many of the tennis buffs who flock through its turnstiles on those occasions to witness tournaments sponsored by the United States Lawn Tennis Association or professional promoter Jack Kramer either remember or care that they are enjoying the temporary lease of facilities belonging to a private club—a private club as deliberately and designedly exclusive as any other.

Last week, however, the privacy of that club became a matter of public argument when the son of one of the nation's most distinguished citizens, Dr. Ralph Bunche of the U.S. State Department and the United Nations, was told that, being a Negro, he probably would not be accepted for membership in the West Side Tennis Club. Because of a tragic confusion in the public mind—a confusion deliberately fostered in some cases by third parties with no genuine concern in the matter—over the relationship of the West Side Club and national and international tennis, which it serves as an occasional landlord, the Bunche incident was promptly exploded into a Page One *cause célèbre* on civil liberties. This clamor, it seems to us, can benefit nobody and may do irreparable harm to tennis.

Any responsible concern for civil liberties should, we think, grant to a private club an inalienable right to the privacy for which it was organized and a corresponding freedom to choose the companions of that privacy whether the choice be good or not. It is not for any man to say whom his neighbor should invite to dinner. Public concern properly begins only when the disagreements of neighbors become noisy enough to threaten the peace of the community at large. For the sake of a fine sport, this magazine deeply deplores the fact that the parties involved in this dispute could not have found a way to settle their private differences in private.



## THE PRETENSE OF

**W**HATEVER else it may do, the sudden explosion of sociological wrath and righteousness that shook the sports world last week is regrettable certain to go on reverberating through the ranks of topflight tennis for months, if not years, to come. It has, in fact, already resulted in the stern demand by some newly identified champions of the game (including a brace of U.S. Senators and *The New York Times*) that tournament tennis be liberated forthwith from the suffocating confines of the private club—a demand which raises the question: Where then is it to go?

It is no accident that tennis, of all our major sports, should find itself in this particular bind. Whether the sociologists like it or not, historians cannot help but recognize the fact that the game of lawn tennis as we know it was spawned on the grass of exclusive country clubs and has lived with them symbiotically for better or worse ever since. Even today, when most of the world's tennis champions

are culled from the ranks of the poor, the underprivileged and the so-called minority groups, the grandstand court on which they win their laurels is more than likely to be the property of a private club which reserves the right (even if it does not always exercise the privilege) of excluding them from membership. The All England Tennis Club, which owns the grandstand and the famed "center court" at Wimbledon, is every bit as exclusive as the club that runs Forest Hills, yet neither England nor the U.S. could at this point provide a site better equipped than these clubs for the conduct of a major tournament—a fact which makes the cry for immediate liberation sound pretty ridiculous.

Beyond such futile fuss-budgetry, however, there is a very real need today to liberate the game of tennis from the narrow confines and prejudices of its background and ancestry, and this is a liberation that must be accomplished by the game itself. At the time of the bucolic scene pictured





## PRIVILEGE

above, when Richard Sears successfully defended his national championship in a spirited match at the Casino in Newport in 1882, it is doubtful if the ancestors of Althea Gibson or Pancho Gonzales or Alex Olmedo were much concerned with who was allowed to play or who to watch. Tennis was a game for the rich only, and a seemingly silly game at that, with its "love" and its "deuce" and its "sorry, partner." In succeeding years tennis devotees have advanced from the lawns of the privileged to the play streets of Harlem and the public courts of a thousand cities and towns all over the world, but on the championship level their game is still figuratively plucked by the tight flannel trousers and prudish manners of its gilded and circumscribed youth.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association and its kindred groups are certainly not to blame for the fury that broke over Forest Hills last week. But they are to blame for the atavistic stagnation that grips a game

eager to grow with the rest of the world—a world which more and more turns to realization that sport is a truly great equalizer. Topflight amateur tennis today, largely because of the dictates of associations which govern it, is an anachronistic anomaly of talented and ambitious young men and young women of no great means who are required to ape the parasitic life of idle wastrels. In the endless rounds of country club life that comprise their tennis apprenticeship, everything exists of the life of privilege except the privilege itself. This absurdity reached some sort of climax at a meeting of the federation of international tennis organizations in Dublin last week, when the principal questions on the agenda became whether or not to raise the "amateur's" pay and increase his working hours.

Former Davis Cup Captain Bill Talbot propounded—and not for the first time either—the logical and sensible resolution of this kind of absurdity when he plumped for an open tennis tournament in this magazine only two weeks ago. At Dublin last week France's Jean Borotra, the Bounding Basque of tennis' bygone days of privilege and privacy, was revealed as the sponsor of an even broader plan to open up amateur tennis within its own ranks. Borotra's plan calls for a new class of "authorized" players in the amateur associations—i.e., amateurs authorized to make a living out of the game. This strikes us as a pretty labored way to avoid using the word professional, but it is certainly a step in the right direction. "For too long," said one official spokesman, "there has been too much hypocrisy in tennis."

We agree heartily. The game of tennis has grown too great for the kind of pettiness that plagued it last week. We are not pretending that open tennis is a sure cure for what happened at Forest Hills, but we do maintain that a greater willingness to face facts within the game would surely lead to a greater public understanding and sympathy with its aims, and a happier realization of its enormous possibilities. When championship tennis becomes appealing and popular enough through its own natural drawing power to fill Yankee Stadium, there will be little need to worry and rant on Page One over who may join a private club in the suburbs of Queens County.

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

television is a hothouse plant in the communications garden," he says.

All of which certainly deserves the plaudits of the U.S. televisioner. There is, however, one aspect of the plan which Promoter Quinlan seems to have overlooked, i.e., the quality of the bullfights. Using tapes of three separate Mexico City events of last spring, the first televised bullfight in this country is to present three figures of somewhat less than major league caliber: Carlos Arruza, Alfonso Ramirez and Juanito Silvetti. With all due respect to the Senators and Red Sox, this is a little like trying to show Spaniards the thrill of baseball by treating them to a re-run of some last-year pitching duel between Russ Kemmerer and Willard Nixon.

It so happens that in Spain at present a great event of modern bullring history is coming to a climax. The *corrido's* two greatest exponents, Antonio Ordonez and his brother-in-law, Luis Miguel Domingula, are meeting in a hand-to-hand series which has led critics to declare a new golden age of bullfighting has begun at last. These two great performers have previously been separated by a family feud (Ordonez thought the Domingula family had snubbed him) and met for the first time in a spectacular *corrido* at Zaragoza, followed by a triumph at Barcelona that ended when both were carried by cheering aficionados out the main entrance of the bull ring, through traffic-filled streets to their hotels. They have displayed such mastery that run-of-the-mill matadors are stunned, and oldtimers say the great days of Juan Belmonte and Joselito are returning. It isn't necessary to endorse Ernest Hemingway's views of the mystique of bullfighting to believe that their forthcoming meetings—about a dozen are to take place this season—might be of interest outside Spain. In any event, the focus of attention would be on the quality of the sport at its highest. If we're going to have bulls running loose in our living rooms, let's—for heaven's sake—have competent *toreros* to fight them.

### Alias Joe McBride

TO the best of our knowledge Joe Gordon of the Cleveland Indians is the only major league baseball

continued

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

manager who ever served as a war correspondent. His career in journalism began and ended on a single day in 1945 and, as far as we know, has never been recorded for posterity. At last, thanks to a newshawk named George Jones, a college classmate of Joe's, now a Washington magazine editor but once a *New York Times* correspondent, the whole truth can be told.

The occasion was a challenge issued to the correspondents during a lull in World War II by the Navy censors at Central Pacific headquarters—a challenge to a softball game.

"A day or so after the challenge was issued—and accepted," Jones recalls, "I noted that Pfc. Joe Gordon and several other major leaguers, now wearing Air Force uniforms, had arrived at Tinian Island to play some exhibition games.

"Joe, of course, I had known at school. When I mentioned this fact, a group of my colleagues arrived at the logical inspiration: Why not get Joe down to Guam, somehow, and slip him into our lineup as a 'war correspondent' under an assumed name?"

"We got busy. An Air Force press officer joyfully entered the conspiracy against the censors; he agreed to get secret orders to fly Pfc. Gordon to Guam. On the day of the game, sure enough, Joe arrived—somewhat puzzled over the whole business—and was smuggled by the Air Force officer into our barracks. When we explained what was up, Joe became

interested immediately. We took off his enlisted insignia and gave him a correspondent's collar tag. (This automatically raised Pfc. Gordon to a rank equivalent to that of major.) We also gave him a new name; as far as Joe and I can now recall it was 'Joseph McBride of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.'

"Then we had a few beers.

"That afternoon, we straggled casually onto the makeshift diamond.



Introducing Joe to some of the censors as a newly arrived correspondent, we asked if he could play. A couple of the censors eyed his husky build dubiously but finally agreed, and the game got under way. It was Joe's idea that it would be better if he remained in reserve until the right moment. That moment came in the first inning; with the censors leading by a couple of runs, two of our men got on base on the misplays usual to a game of this kind. Up to bat came Joe McBride as a pinch hitter.

"At our behest, Joe shambled up to the plate as if he didn't know a baseball from a typewriter. When he reached the plate, however, instinct prevailed. To our minds, at least, the hoax stood revealed in all its dread-

ful clarity. There, for all to see, was the American League's Most Valuable Player of 1942—muscles rippling and bat switching angrily as he crouched, loose and easy. At that moment, he looked for all the world like a panther ready to spring for the kill.

"There was a puzzled hush on the field. Infield chatter stopped. A somewhat pinched look came to the face of the pitcher—until then gay and confident. The pitcher hesitated, then threw. It was very wide, very high—but Joe went after it. He remembers: 'I figured they were getting on to me fast and I'd better take it.'

"Almost casually, he reached out and swatted the ball. Away it went, on a long and leisurely parabola high into the blue skies of Guam—up and out and over the cliffs that drop off into the Pacific.

"One runner crossed the plate, barely ahead of a swarm of censors—big censors, little censors—piling in from the field. It was a bedlam of howls and shrieks, with some of the noise coming from the sidelines where Air Force officers were laughing their heads off. One Navy censor's cry, piercing in its intensity, arose above all others. 'That guy ain't no correspondent!'

"In the showdown, there was little to do but confess the hoax. Joe was relegated to the role of umpire for the two or three remaining innings. But we did insist that the runs counted; to our reckoning (if not to the censors') the 'game of the century' ended in our favor.

"Joe remained not only in but above the ranks of the war correspondents until far into the night. The last we saw of Pfc. Gordon, he was being surrounded at the officers club by top brass eager to meet the Yankee slugger—otherwise known as 'the war correspondent from the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.'"

### Arcaro Rides Again

A FEW minutes past noon last Friday, George Edward Arcaro, 43, walked into the jockeys' room at New York's Belmont Park, squirmed into a set of yellow-and-red silks and bounced onto the scales. "A hundred

continued

## They Said It

**ALTHEA GIBSON**, first Negro to win the National and Wimbledon championships, on the Ralph Bunche-West Side Tennis Club controversy: "I don't think that tennis or tennis players and fans should be penalized by taking the Davis Cup or the Nationals out of the only actual tennis stadium in the U.S."

**CASEY STENGEL**, after hearing for the umpteenth time that his Yankees were just not playing on their toes: "What'a ya want me to do? Raster the wash basins in the locker room six inches?"

**BEN HOGAN**, on putting: "Selecting a stroke is like selecting a wife. To each his own."

**JOSEPH TOMASELLI**, attorney for boxing hoodlum Frankie Carbo, filing an appeal in New Jersey to keep his client from being returned to New York (where Carbo is under grand jury indictment): "Mr. Carbo is willing to go back voluntarily when the climate is more favorable."



Woodcuts—designs transferred from carved blocks of wood—require the eye of an artist, the hand of a craftsman. Antonio Tresselt, a foremost exponent of this ancient art form, has both. The strong simplicity that marks his work is evident in this woodcut of Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn, commissioned expressly for The Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series. A full-color reproduction, 17" x 22", available upon request.

**12** year old  
**CHIVAS REGAL** SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKIES  
 has been mellowed by attentive care year after year. Chivas Regal's superb flavor has made it America's most wanted premium Scotch Whisky.



*By Appointment*  
 to Her Majesty the Queen,  
 purveyors of Premium  
 and Scotch Whisky  
 CHIVAS REGAL LTD.  
 of London, Scotland,  
 Antiquated 1859



The harbor of Nassau, Bahamas. Photograph by Carvel Seppala ©

Go sea-rovving  
this summer

# Nassau

and the  
**BAHAMA ISLANDS**

Yesterday these happy people were part of the work-a-day world. Today they're trading their tension for a sun tan in the British Bahamas. Their only problem? Whether to go sailing, sun bathing, swimming, cycling, fishing, sightseeing, skin diving or water skiing? The only answer: A compromise. They're cruising to a beach-ringed inlet for a picnic. Wish you were along?

Your travel agent has a Nassau Summer Thrift Vacation to suit your time, taste and budget. Literature available from Dept. B-19, Nassau, Bahamas Development Board, 608 First National Bank Building, Miami 32, Fla.

#### easily reached . . .

**BY SEA:** From New York every Friday, S. S. NASSAU, Ingersoll Line (Rhone-Laro), 42 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

From Miami every Monday and Friday, S. S. FLORIDA, F. & O. Schenck & Co., Miami 9, Florida.

**BY AIR:** Direct, daily flights from New York (4 hours), Miami (5½ hours), Fort Lauderdale, Tampa-St. Petersburg, West Palm Beach, Toronto twice weekly.

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

and thirteen," he said. "A hundred and thirteen. Good."

Old Banana Nose had been away from racing at Belmont for 22 racing days and 202 races since tumbling from Black Hills in the June 13 Belmont Stakes (SI, June 22). "There isn't a mark on my body," he said, "and I feel as if I had just come from a vacation. After spending four days in the hospital I went home and tried to watch television and read. But the picture and the words became wavy and I had to stop. Then I went up to Canada to do some fishing, and you couldn't beat the bass away." He rubbed his great proboscis and thought for a second. "But bass, you see, were not in season so I had to throw them all back. I came back home and played some golf and, just when my golf was getting sharp, the vacation ended. So here I am."

"Look at that," he said holding up a bandaged right thumb. "I was closing a sliding cabinet door at home and zip, I scraped the devil out of it. It's a funny thing about jockeys. They have to be like little rubber balls."

Two hours later Arcaro moved to the walking ring and when he reached it the crowds lining the black rails broke into a sustained 58-second applause. He pulled at his red cap and kicked the ground with his tiny black boots. He walked to his mount, Elliotts Jewel, and was pitched aboard. Again the crowd applauded him. "Eek," one man shouted, "the Beak



"Rhabarh, not rubabaga!"

is back." "It's been lonely out here without ya," said another. "Arcaro, without you Belmont is worse than the trotters," said a third.

Arcaro smiled and rode out in front of the stands, and nearly 20,000 applauded him. "Five times," he said later, "five times I have returned to New York after winning the Kentucky Derby and when I cantered in the post parade the people would stand and applaud me and it made me feel all warm inside. But the applause today was louder than after all the five Derbies and I could sense a different meaning to it. Would they think I was silly if I said there were tears in my eyes?"

Arcaro finished fifth on Elliotts Jewel, then second in his next try and finally dead last on his first day back.

On Saturday, however, he went to the walking ring again, this time to ride Helmville. "Come on, Banana," shouted a fan. "Don't keep us waitin'." He didn't. He shook Helmville

up entering the stretch and won quite easily. When he entered the winner's circle the people cheered him loudly. He won the next race on a long shot and his mission seemed completed. He did, however, lose the \$25,000 Saranac Handicap by a head and was soundly booed.

"Funny," he said, "I suppose everyone wonders why people boo me and hoot at me. Probably it's because I'm usually riding the first, second or third choices in the betting and, well, they all can't win. But I'll tell you this, when I go around the ring or onto the track I hear those people. And many times when they poke fun at me I laugh. When they show enough interest to yell at me I can't help feeling that they are having a good time, and if having a good time means yelling at Arcaro, then it's all right with Arcaro. It feels good to be back."

O.K., Eddie, and it's good to have you back.

END



Can You Tie This?

This fisherman ties quite remarkable flies. They're so lifelike that, to his dismay, As soon as he's done, They rise up, one by one, And gracefully flutter away.

RICHARD ARMOUR

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



ADORING FACES AT OTHANMAR PROVE THAT WORLD-BEATER INGO, SPARRING HERE, IS A CHAMPION AT MORE THAN FISTICUFFS

## THE OLD WORLD'S NEW HEARTTHROB

WHEN Ingemar Johansson, who proved that right is might, returned to Sweden to the triumphant strains of *Ingemar, O, Ingemar*, he began mixing business with pleasure, as is his wont, to the equal enchantment of the acclaiming throngs, particularly the gals. The business was a barnstorming tour (above); the pleasure included a sedate polka (right) with TV Star Karin Bohman at Göteborg art museum. Ingo holds Norwegian flag given him by Norwegian band, which joined general Scandinavian adulation.





32,014 WATCHED THE THIRD RACE AT WASHINGTON PARK



EQUITATION STUDENT PRACTICES HER LESSON AT PARK RIDGE



605,030 WENT TO REACHES. THIS ONE IS NORTH AVENUE SUN SPOT



CRUISER USES CALUMET RIVER



SANDLOT TEAMS PLAY BALL AT JACKSON PARK



39,446 WATCH THE CUBS AT WRIGLEY FIELD



## IT'S A TREAT TO BEAT THE HEAT

Chicago, according to the old song, is the town where the fella saw a man who danced with his wife. Chicago is also noted for its bizarre weather. In winter a bitter wind can blow off Lake Michigan; in summer the city can heat up like a jalopy's radiator. But where there's heat there's a way to beat it, as these 12 hot-weather escape hatches photographed from a helicopter high over Chicagoland during an hour's tour on a hot and humid July 4th reveal.

*Photographs by Art Shup*



NORTH SIDE PENTHOUSES MAKE CONCRETE BEACHES FOR STAY-AT-HOMES



PAY-WHILE-YOU-FISH POND ATTRACTS TROUT, BASS ANGLERS TO GDS PLAINES



CEMENT TENNIS COURTS PROVIDE FAST IF FOOTSOBE SURFACE AT PARK RIDGE



LEISURELY HORSESHOE PITCHERS CONGREGATE AT PARK RIDGE'S WEST PARK



HOMEWOOD-FLOSSMOOR LIONS CLUB POOL COOLS OFF SWelterING MEMBERS



GREEN AT OAK BROOK CC IS WELL TRAPPED

NEW YORK MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL HOUSTON TORONTO  
DENVER? ATLANTA? DALLAS-FORT WORTH? BUFFALO?  
MIAMI? MONTREAL? SAN DIEGO? SEATTLE? NEW ORLEANS?

# 3<sup>rd</sup> LEAGUE CITIES PIN HOPES ON THIS MAN

by ROY TERRELL

For more than half a century, big league baseball has been the exclusive property of a select few cities scattered across the face of the United States. Its structure—eight teams called the National League and eight teams called the American League—has stood firm in the face of criticism and open warfare, unchanged, unwavering, unconcerned. Occasionally a franchise has been moved, but this has happened only with the express consent of the club owners. Those men with more courage than wisdom, more daring than dollars, who have dared to buck the system have always been humbled and routed in shattering defeat. In 1914 the Federal League was formed. In 1946 the Mexican League. Both were outlaw organizations and neither survived.

Today a brawny, fast-talking Irishman from New York named Bill Shea is ready to try again. Some time within the next month he will sit down with seven representatives of Organized Baseball and talk about a third major league, this one hopefully to be formed as part of the present structure. And although the nation has been inundated for months with talk and headlines roaring "Third League," this will be the first time that the 16 club owners and their representatives—the presidents of the two leagues and Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick—will really know what Shea and his followers want. For the first time they will learn of his offers and demands—and even

now, it will be not because they want to, but because they feel they must. How they react will, in one way or another, change baseball.

If they say yes to a majority of Shea's proposals, then big league baseball will spread across the land, and people in cities like Houston and Toronto and Minneapolis, in Denver and Dallas and Atlanta—people who have never seen Don Drysdale and Herb Score throw a fast ball or Henry Aaron and Mickey Mantle swing a bat—will find themselves going to big league ball games. For a few years they may not see many Drysdales or Scores or Aarons or Mantles, but eventually they will have their own great stars, too.

If Organized Baseball says no, and Bill Shea is not at all sure it won't, the impact may be even greater.

"We have had to battle for everything we have got so far," he says. "They don't want us, they're out to block us in any way. Now we're going to have a meeting, and if it turns out that they still don't want us we'll have to go get legislation to help."

An ex-dodger fan, Shea was originally charged with a much less spectacular task, that of heading a committee which would bring another big league team back to New York. Now the possibility exists that he may succeed where the Federal League failed. If he does it will be due to three factors: the growth of the nation in the last 45 years; recognition of a few simple words like altruism and cooperation; and the firm backing of such congressional leaders as Senator Estes Kefauver, chairman of

the Senate antitrust committee, and Congressman Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, who is, like Shea, a Brooklyn Democrat.

In 1914 there was really no demand for expanded major league baseball. Today, with cities like Houston, Denver, Minneapolis, Atlanta and Dallas booming into sprawling giants, there is a hunger for major league ball. These cities and the vast trade areas which surround them have become major league in size.

## WHAT'S MONEY?

And where the old Federal League was frankly out to make money, in open competition with the National and American Leagues, the new third league is backed by a horde of extremely wealthy individuals who, according to Shea, have no desire at all to get any richer from the proceeds of baseball. They see expansion as a civic duty, an outlet for their love of the game. Most important of all, they do not intend to wage open war with Organized Baseball, but instead become a part of it. They want some help in the beginning, it is true; at the same time they feel that their contribution to the game, in expanding it and bringing it to additional millions of people, will far outweigh the sacrifices which they are asking the present 16 owners to make.

In Organized Baseball, Bill Shea will find some enemies and some friends. A few men still exist in the game today who shudder at the thought of expansion in any form. What is the sense, they figure, of



CATALYST BILL SHEA, WHO STAUNCHLY REFUSED TO WAIT OR TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER

lousing up a good thing? He will also find some who speak out in favor of expansion while kicking viciously under the table at the slims of those who suggest that something be done about it. And, finally, he will find those who really want expansion and desire to help—but not right now. In this group are men like Phil Wrigley of the Cubs, Lou Perini of the Braves, Tom Yawkey of the Red Sox, John Galbreath of the Pirates and the commissioner himself. Frank's plan, and he has been talking about it since 1953, is to increase the number of teams in the current leagues until there are two six-team divisions in each, then expand to three leagues.

"I firmly believe," he said recently, "that we will have a third league within five years."

"Homefeathers," said Shea. "We'll have a third league by 1961."

Shea is a wealthy lawyer, with a legal residence in Brooklyn, where he spends a night or two each week, and a 10-room home in Sands Point, a lovely suburban residential area on Long Island's north shore, just 40 minutes from midtown Manhattan.

Here Shea spends most of his time, when he isn't working or on the golf course, with his wife Nora, children Billy (19), Kathy (14) and Pat (8), a 13-year-old German shepherd named Flash and a four-year-old Airedale named Gordon.

Senior partner in the firm of Manning, Hollinger and Shea, he is an expert in the field of corporate and estate law, an associate of Louis Wolfson, a former director of American Motors and an interested observer of a large number of other corporate ventures. Almost as a matter of accident, Shea is also something of an expert in the field of financing ball clubs. His first job after graduation from Georgetown Law School in 1931 was on the staff of George V. McLaughlin, who as president of the Brooklyn Trust Company kept the old Dodgers in business for years.

Shea, who is 6 feet tall, weighs 195 pounds and still looks like an athlete despite his 52 years, was a sandlot catcher as a kid in New York and played football and basketball at NYU and Georgetown. Later he was a member of the Crescent Club lac-

crosse team, which was ranked among the best in the country. He had an interest in the old Long Island Indians, a semipro football team which played in a fast league just before World War II. He is still a spectator at every football, baseball and basketball game he can take in, and is a persistent middle-80s golfer. Among Shea's friends are some of the big names of professional sport: the Maras, George Preston Marshall, Curly Lambeau, Ned Irish, Branch Rickey, Walter O'Malley.

#### A TOMATO FOR WALTER

"Walter and I are still friends," he says, "although on some things we don't exactly see eye to eye. I had a great letter a few weeks ago. Some fan wrote me that if the third league was formed and O'Malley ever came to town with the Dodgers for an exhibition or interleague game, that he would like to have the tomato concession. I sent it on to Walter. I don't know whether he thought it was funny or not."

Despite his love for sports, the last thing that ever occurred to Bill Shea was that he might be picked as the man to revise or drastically the structure of Organized Baseball. Before Mayor Wagner tapped him for the job he was busy enough, the administrative head of a firm of 19 lawyers. Today he moves at such a pace that his contacts seldom touch his back.

"If I had known then," he says, "what this would turn into, I never would have put my nose near it."

Most of Shea's operations are carried on in a comfortable, roomy office on the 29th floor of a building at 41 West 42nd Street, just off Madison Avenue. The carpeting is beige, the walls are beige, the furnishings a dark brown, none of which matches Bill Shea, who has black hair and blue eyes and a red face. His desk is covered with papers and magazines and legal documents and letters. There are individual pictures of his family on one wall and a group picture of them on a window ledge behind his chair. There is also a clock-radio, a dictating machine and a telephone, which never seems to stop ringing. When talking on the phone, Shea spends a great deal of time gazing out the window, where the 77-story Chrysler building rises on Lexington Avenue two blocks east.

"New York fans," Shea says, "have always been the principal

*continued*

supporters of baseball. No team here ever lost money. When the Dodgers and Giants left, it was simply a question of making more money. The most flagrant violation of loyalty to one's fans I've ever seen.

"Anyway, on at least five different occasions, I thought we had a team all lined up, one of the other National League franchises ready to move in. Each time the deal fell through. So, when it became apparent that this wasn't going to work, we began to talk expansion. And you know what happened. Warren Giles told us there was 'no sentiment' for expansion in the National League at that time."

After that Shea gave up on both enticement and expansion and set out quietly to organize backers for a third league. There were a lot of cities in America, he soon discovered, clamoring for big league ball.

"Our problem, from the first, was one of cutting the number of applicants down, not finding them. I must have talked to hundreds of individuals and dozens of groups, most of them people I had never heard of before. I got letters and calls from mayors and governors and multimillionaires. We investigated. We surveyed. We probed and questioned. Sometimes the telephone at my house would ring all night long. It still keeps ringing. My wife says that when this is over she never wants to hear the word baseball again. I think the third league has already lost one fan."

Shea believes that each sponsoring group should have ready between \$3 and \$5 million to start a team. Since the new or remodeled stadiums in each city will be municipal structures ("No private group can afford to build a big stadium any more," he points out), that is the amount which Shea is certain will do the job. He feels that the New York group announced last month (81, June 29) is typical. None of them seems to be in need of income from baseball in order to survive. One of the prospective owners, Pete Davis, whose father donated the Davis Cup, when asked what he did for a living, just smiled. "He clips coupons," explained another member of the group. The New York syndicate says it is ready to produce \$4.5

million to help get things under way.

"The root of all evil in baseball has been money making," Shea says. "A lot of people have tried to make their living from the game. So it had to be a business. With our owners it is a matter of civic pride. They are trying to bring big league baseball to people everywhere, all over the country. If there is one thing we are not worried about, it is money."

"We are almost completely organized now. Originally, I thought each city would want to make its own announcement. Now there is a feeling that it should be a joint announce-

ment. And Shea finds it hard to overlook the West Coast.

"San Diego is a natural," he says. "So is the Seattle-Portland area. That could be another Milwaukee."

The major weakness in Shea's entire plan has centered around his inability or reluctance to discuss the one big problem nagging at the creation of a third league. Where does one find enough major league players to fill up even eight new teams? Some, of course, he expects the present big leagues to furnish—which is one reason why they are so jumpy right now. But unless he is willing to cut his own throat with exorbitant demands Shea must find some other player supply.

Basically, it all boils down to the question of who is a major leaguer. Is he a man with certain qualifying capabilities, which may be ticked off yes or no? Or is a major league ballplayer simply a ballplayer who plays on a major league team?

"Not every ballplayer on the Giants is a Willie Mays," says Branch Ruckey, a stout proponent of the third league and the man who Shea has turned to for help in setting the player problem. "But that does not mean that Willie Mays is the only big league ballplayer on the Giants."

"For a long time now we have had a plan to supply players for the third league," says Shea. "I have discussed this with Mr. Ruckey and we will present it to the club owners when we sit down and talk."

"Actually, the supply of young players can be unlimited. They aren't coming up now because they haven't been given the opportunities. The risk of a big league career with only 16 teams has been too great. The big leagues keep too many old players around now simply to profit from their names and reputations. The young players have to wait too long for their chance. With 34 big league teams—or maybe more—they'll get their chance."

"After a year or two, people will realize what can be done. This is the sort of thing which America does best. No one ever heard of an atomic scientist 15 years ago. Now they're coming out of the woodwork. You can't tell me that a nation of 160 million can't produce 200 more big league ballplayers."



SAGE ADVISER to Shea on third-league player problem is the highly respected Branch Ruckey.

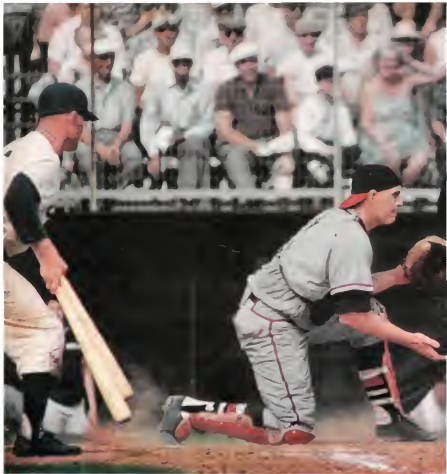
million, made here in New York. We want time for one more meeting, since we still have to make our final selections. We aren't yet sure whether we want eight teams or 16 or even 12. It depends upon how we are received by the present baseball owners."

Shea does not think that the new league members will cause any surprise, since every city under consideration—and a few not considered at all—have appeared in print dozens of times already. The founding teams are generally well known: New York, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Houston and Toronto. Other strong possibilities are Denver, Fort Worth-Dallas, Miami, Buffalo, Atlanta and Montreal. New Orleans has made a strong



**Mercedes-Benz is a most ingenious paradox** because the range of cars encompasses such a wide and wonderful variety. Here, in front of a Mercedes-Benz sedan, you see the internationally famous 300 SL Roadster, renowned for its fuel injection engine and exhilarating performance. Whatever model is the Mercedes-Benz of your choice, know that the factors common to all of the cars carrying the three-pointed star are quality and integrity, unsurpassed by other marques. That is but one of the reasons Mercedes-Benz is the car of connoisseurs. Mercedes-Benz cars include sedans, convertibles and sports cars. Prices range from about \$3,300 to \$13,000. Factory-approved service available, in hundreds of locations—coast to coast. Ask your Mercedes-Benz dealer for information and a demonstration.

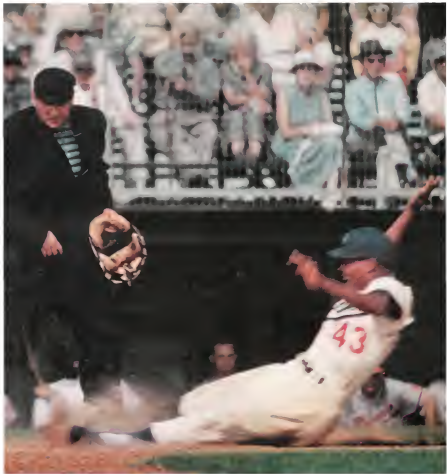
**Mercedes-Benz Sales, Inc.** (A Subsidiary of Studebaker-Packard Corporation)



## SAFE AT HOME!

*Photographed by Hy Peskin*

The slam-bang drama of a play at home is frozen in the tableau above. Milwaukee Catcher Del Crandall and fans tensely await both the throw and the onrushing slide of Charley Neal of the Dodgers. Umpire Stan Landes sets to call the play, and the next batter, Ron Fairly, leans in to watch. The ball, not in sight above, reaches Crandall's mitt too late (right). The ump's classic signal says Neal is safe.







# STORMY SPOUSES IN THE STAR

**There may be a brannigan in the cockpit any minute but Skip and Mary Etchells win anyway**

**by JAMES POLING**

WHEN the cream of the eastern class-racing fleet gathers next week for the 61st annual regatta of the Larchmont, N.Y., Yacht Club, the boat to heat in the Star class in all probability will be *Skandou*, sailed by Skip and Mary Etchells. *Skandou* will bear watching on several counts, and can be identified either by her mainsail number, 4125, or Mary Etchells' curious headpiece. In contrast to the crew-cuts worn by the jib-tenders on the other Stars, she will be wearing a cornflower-blue shower cap to keep her hair dry.

Skip, also known as E. Widmer Etchells, is one of the world's foremost Star slippers, but Mary stands alone. She is the only woman who has ever crewed in a Star that won the world, the Western Hemisphere and the North American championships. As a consequence, she is also the only woman who has ever won her way into the Star's Hall of Fame, where she commands the full admiration of such other occupants of the temple as Briggs Cunningham, Cory Shields, Arthur Knapp Jr., Stan Ogilvy, Cuba's Carlos de Cardenas and Italy's great Agostino Straulino. The

only occupant of the Hall who seems unimpressed by her sailing skill is Skip. But even he mutters an occasional "well done."

Mary's singular position in the world of yacht racing is the more remarkable because the Star, of all the one-design class boats, is probably the boat least suited to a woman. It is designed solely for racing, and whenever the wind gets up it spends most of its time with its lee-gunwale awash.

There are scores of Stars in the world today so evenly matched that they can be ranked only by a flip of a coin. Even so, the Etchells have won such major international events as the Bacardi Cup of Cuba (1959), the Meyers Cup of Nassau (1961), two Western Hemisphere championships (1959, 1958), the North American championship (1958) and the world championship (1951). Among their regional triumphs they've won the Atlantic Coast Championship five times, scored five victories at Larchmont Race Week and the same number in the Pickens Series, and taken the Quincy Challenge Trophy twice and the Bedford Pitcher six times.

This adds up to a lot of silverware, and their home in Old Greenwich, Conn.—within spitting distance of their home club, the Rocky Point Y.C.—houses more tarnished trophies than Mary, to whom silver polishing is an anathema, likes to contemplate. Despite the fact that they have given away every trophy that came to them happily unengraved, at last count there were still 81 cups, mugs, plaques, trays, tankards, cigarette boxes, plaques and nut bowls either on dis-

play or tucked away in cupboards on the ground floor of the spacious gray frame house. Another 13 trophies were rapidly losing their luster on the second floor, and an uncounted number of others were packed away in cartons in the attic.

It is only poetic justice that the Etchells should be burdened with such an array of tarnished silver, because they are probably guilty of tarnishing more sea air than any other couple in the annals of yacht racing. Mary was asked recently if the rumors that she and Skip occasionally exchanged a heated word or two during a race were well founded. She laughed and said, "A word or two? Why, Skip can't call me an imbecile in less than a thousand words, mostly profane. And I can pass a whole weather leg just telling him what an overbearing, hypocritical stinker I think he is. I guess our ludicrous brannigans have made us sort of infamous."

## A LACK OF TRANQUILITY

When they won their world championship, one yachting reporter wrote, "There was the usual lack of tranquility in the Etchells' boat. At the end of one race Skip was in dire peril of having his head bashed in with the whisker-pole by his beautiful wife Mary, formerly of the Baltimore O'Tooles." Neither Skip nor Mary can now remember what that ruckus was about. There was one time, too, when Mary threw the hailing scoop at Skip. It was an instinctive reaction to Skip's icy request that she kindly get her salt-stained ramp out of his line of vision so he could at least see what the hell ocean he was sailing on. It was too bad she missed him, she says, because the scoop went overboard and they needed it later in the race. There have also been a couple of occasions when Mary, in her wrath, has tried unsuccessfully to throw Skip overboard. She can't remember why. But she is sure the attempts were justified. And it is a continuing source of regret to her that, although she is 5 feet 8 inches and as rugged as she is shapely, she is still no match for her husband, who is 6 feet 3 inches, weighs 240 and can step a mast singlehanded.

The sound and fury of their seagoing battles usually signify nothing more than racing tension. "There've been a few times when I'd have happily signed divorce papers if there'd been a lawyer waiting with them at

continued

*Photograph by Richard Mark*

**WINNING PAIR.** Skip and Mary Etchells show rare serenity in drive toward victory.

the dock when we came in," Mary says, "but not many. It's just that I've got an Irish temper, Skip's a racing perfectionist, and we're both competitive as hell. So we scream at each other. Sometimes for cause but mostly, I think, to let off steam. Fortunately, we've both got some sense and we always—well, almost always—drop the argument in the bilge when we reach the dock. And I've a hunch our life ashore is nicer because of it. We always seem to leave all of our onerousness behind us in the boat."

It also always seems to be there waiting for them when they go aboard again, ready to flare up the moment the starting gun sounds. They sailed their first tune-up race this year in the May Eye-Opener series at Larchmont. It was an inconsequential pre-season race but before it was over they were both tuning up their vocal cords, too, growling at each other as if a world championship depended on their every move.

Their day began amicably enough. After breakfast they took the children (Timothy, 7, and Anne, 5) into the backyard and gave them orders to weed dandelions. Then Skip went off to burn the tent enterpillars out of his trees, while Mary cultivated her flower beds. As soon as their backs were turned the children ran off across the street to play with friends. When the baby-sitter arrived at noon, Skip rounded up the youngsters and got the car out, while Mary packed the small canvas kit bag she always carries aboard with her. It holds her lipstick, compact, comb and shower cap, and her father's old Prohibition era hip flask. She hesitated briefly over the flask, then filled it with water. It was a decision she later regretted. A brisk 15- to 25-mile southwest wind was kicking up a sharp, spanking chop on Long Island Sound, and with the temperature near 50° it proved to be a very cold, very wet racing day.

There were 14 Stars entered in the event, but it soon turned into a three-boat race among the Etchells, sailing *Shanghnessy*, a boat they have since sold, Herb Hild in *Desiree* and Bill Lynn in *Heather*. The first leg was a two-mile clock reach. With a stiff wind blowing, the Etchells, like the other crews, had to hike over the side, and Mary, clinging like a limpet to *Shanghnessy's* white hull in her wet, glistening yellow oilskins and blue

shower cap, stood out in colorful contrast to Skip, in old salt-stained slacks and a drab green windbreaker.

They were behind Hild and Lynn when they rounded the first marker and began the second leg, a five-mile run. Mary, who tended jib with her customary skill throughout the race, got a particularly stiff workout on the downwind leg. Skip jibed endlessly as he set out to overtake the leading boats. And with each jibe, Mary, precariously balanced on *Shanghnessy's* pitching foredeck, shifted her whisker-pole and jib with a precision that awed the spectators following the race in a launch.

Skip's jibing tactics worked, and *Shanghnessy* was in first place approaching the last marker. But at the turn the Etchells went a little wide, and Bill Lynn got inside of them and forced them to give him racing room. When they got around the marker Lynn was ahead of them and on their wind. They had to bear off to clear their air before settling down to the three-mile beat home.

Skip has a flair for sailing into the wind, and he soon put Lynn behind him. Thereafter he was content to cover Lynn and slowly increase his lead. Then, about a mile from home, he saw that Herb Hild had taken *Desiree* in under the shore and picked up a fresh breeze that was driving him ahead on an ideal slant to the finish line. Skip had to decide whether Lynn or Hild was the more dangerous. He finally decided—rightly, as it turned out—to leave Lynn and cover Hild. In the end, he crossed the finish line 25 seconds ahead of Hild, with Lynn in third place, about a dozen boat lengths back of Hild.

When the Etchells came ashore after their victory they weren't on speaking terms. Mary was sputtering with indignation. "He has the gall to tell me I move like an ancient crocodile . . . that my rump's taking root in the deck . . . that I'm as clumsy as a one-legged hag," she cried. "What the devil does he expect? Maybe I was a little slow, but who wouldn't be? I'm numb with cold. I'm pure ice. If I bend I'll crack. Oh, I don't know why I ever sailed with that man." She headed for the locker room to change her clothes, and when she was out of earshot Skip said, "Pay no attention to her. It's just early-season funk. She's rusty as hell and she knows it."

One hour and 40 minutes and two Martins later, the Etchells were

happily milling around in their own backyard with Timothy and Anne, a picture of connubial felicity. Skip was giving Anne a piggyback ride, and Mary was playing catch with Timmy. They played with the children for about an hour, then Mary went into the house to start dinner. She returned almost instantly. "An awful thing's happened," she said. "The baby-sitter finished the Sunday Times crossword puzzle while we were away, and now I can't work it after dinner." Skip said he'd be glad to drive down to the store and get her a fresh copy of the paper. Mary waited until Skip had driven off, then smiled and said quietly, "You see, he knows he was meant to me today."

Mary started her career as crew for Skip in 1938, when she was a 17-year-old freshman at the College of New Rochelle. Skip, who graduated in 1936 from the University of Michigan (where he won the Big Ten discus championship three years running while earning a degree in naval architecture), was sailing a dinghy in the winter frostbite races at Larchmont at the time he met Mary. After their first date he asked her to sail with him.

#### "I HAD FAIR WARNING"

"The blueprint of my future was laid out for me the minute I stepped into that blasted dinghy," she says. "I had fair warning, but when you're being courted in subfreezing weather in a spray-drenched dinghy your brain grows a little numb with the sweet romance of it all. So when Skip called me a damned idiot—he exercised great restraint when he was wooing me—I accepted it as a term of endearment. Which it was in a way. A fanatic like Skip doesn't ask a greenhorn to crew for him unless he's a bit addled by love too."

They were married in 1941, and moved west to a furnished apartment near the shipyard in Long Beach, Calif., where Skip got a job designing destroyer escorts. It was well they chose a furnished place, Skip's savings, with which his bride had dreamed of furnishing a home, were immediately spent on the raw materials he needed to build a Star.

The official specifications of the Star class allow for a good many minute variances in the construction of a boat. For example, a Star may be a half an inch longer or shorter than 22 feet 8½ inches, or its keelbulb anywhere from 7½ inches to 8½ inches



SKIP ETCHELLS STRADDLES GUNWALE TO KEEP THE "SHANDON" MOVING FAST

thick, and still earn a class certificate. The class permits such tolerances in order to encourage amateurs to build their own boats, realizing that it can hardly expect amateurs to produce identical craft. Skip, having made a careful study of the class's long list of permissible variances, was convinced he could design a faster Star than anyone else had ever launched.

When he tries to explain the changes he made in the basic design of the Star, Skip is forced to fall back on such naval architectural mumbo jumbo as "adjusting the righting moment," and "altering the hull's prismatic coefficient." What he apparently means is that he flattened this section and made that one fuller, added an inch here and subtracted a half inch there, and succeeded in producing a fairer, more easily driven hull than any that had gone before. Or as one owner of an Etchells' Star

says, "For my money, its chief characteristic is just that it goes faster than other boats."

Skip didn't get his first boat—which Mary named *Skullak*—into the water until September 1942. By then the wartime ban on racing on the West Coast had already gone into effect.

"The following 18 months were pretty grueling," Mary recalls. "Since we couldn't race, Skip used *Skullak* as a classroom. My lord and master was hell-bent on teaching his Fair Lady the language of sailing. But I didn't get any of that patent rain-in-Spain treatment. Skip doesn't believe in repetition. He tells you, let's say, to wrap a jib sheet around a winch clockwise. But he'll only tell you once. After that, God help you if you forget. Well, he now tells me I'm almost as well trained as a properly schooled dog. My obvious answer

is, it took a heel to bring me to heel."

Mary unquestionably had a harsh schooling. When she was out of action with a broken rib in 1932, and in the years immediately following when she gave raising her youngsters priority over racing, Skip often had to call on two old friends, Charles Dumay and Buzz Reynes, to crew for him. They both agree that patience is not Skip's outstanding virtue in a boat. Reynes says, "He's a seagoing Jekyll and Hyde. Ashore, he's as gentle and quiet as only a big, powerful man can be. But afloat he's an unbelievably stern taskmaster, with a cat-o-nine-tails tongue. The person he's so demanding of Mary, of course, is that he's a lot prouder of her than he likes to admit. And he wants her to be the best there is, not just one of the best."

Skip feels that he is fairly close to achieving his ambition. Today it is generally conceded that Mary can adjust a boom vang and set a whisker-pole more skillfully than most of her opposite numbers. And in jibing she always handles both backstays, although in most boats the helmsman is charged with the responsibility of freeing the leeward stay during this delicate maneuver.

In her most important role—handling the jib—Mary probably has no peer. During the years Neo Rode crewed for Italy's Stralino—the only three-time winner of the world Star championship—he was thought to be the best crewman racing in Stars. But when the Etchells won their world championship many were surprised to see that Mary sometimes got her jib trimmed even faster than Rode.

In the early spring of 1944 Skip got a job with Sparkman & Stephens Inc., New York naval architects, and the Etchells towed *Skullak* across the continent to Larchmont. By late July, Skip, Mary and *Skullak* were the talk of the Star class, and the yachting press was featuring stories about "the man in the housemade boat who hasn't lost a race all season, and who beat the 1943 World's Star Class Champ, Arthur Denton, on two successive days." Star sailors were particularly impressed with *Skullak*'s phenomenal off-wind speed. They complained that they had to get to the weather marker "a light-year ahead of her" to stand a chance, because she could romp through a whole fleet on a downwind leg.

After a series of tune-up races the Etchells entered their first major

continued

event, the Atlantic Coast Star Championship series, held that year in Great South Bay, off the Bay Shore, L.I., Yacht Club. On the day the series opened it was blowing so hard that old hands went out of their way to warn Skip to leave Mary ashore. It was no weather for an inexperienced girl, they said. Skip was amused, Mary indignant.

They won the first race by a one-second margin, over the usual 10-mile course. Fred Hawthorne, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, said of the finish, "The apparently matchless combination of Skip and Mary Etchells was abreast of John White, in *Shore*, 200 yards from the line. But in the last 10 seconds the Etchells outmaneuvered White and his crew to gain the decision. They executed a perfect and daring jibe in the heavy seas, then cut sharply for the line. That reckless jibe won the race for them."

The Etchells' over-all performance in the series so depressed one of their rivals, Ted Everitt, that he wrote his former crewman, who was serving in the Navy, and said, "You'd better get the damn war over with and hurry home. Some guy in a homemade boat, with one suit of sail, and with his wife crewing for him, of all things, just won all five races in the Atlantic Coast series. Did you ever hear of anyone making a clean sweep in a major series before? I haven't. Things have reached a helluva point when some guy sailing a soapbox can clobber all of us that badly."

Everitt now says, "How foolish can a man be? That 'soapbox' turned out to be the Stradivarius of the fleet. It may even have changed the whole class. Stars today are faster and more uniform than ever before, and I think it's probably because Skip's design principles have won such wide acceptance," Stan Ogilvy agrees. "I don't think there's any question about it," he says. "Skip has built about the maximum possible stability into the Star hull, and that's extremely important in a boat so over-canvased. And now everyone is trying to match that stability."

In 1915 *Skiffalak* won another unprecedented five firsts at Larchmont Race Week. Mary remembers this series for reasons that have nothing to do with their clean sweep. In one race, several boats approached a marker bow-to-bow. Skip decided to cut inside them—like a jockey trying to

squeeze his horse through at the rail with only inches to spare—although he knew full well they'd foul out if they hit the buoy. As they came about, round it, their boat began to fall off and drift down on the buoy. Mary threw herself against the windward side of the cockpit with the violence of a tackle throwing a block at a dummy. *Skiffalak* hounded to windward just enough to clear the marker with a fraction of an inch to spare.

#### LIKE EARNING A DIPLOMA

"And then Skip said, 'Well I'll be damned, at last I've got a crew instead of a passenger!' It was sort of like earning a diploma," Mary proudly recalls.

As their string of victories grew, Skip began to receive offers for boats built to *Skiffalak*'s specifications. In 1946 he formed the Old Greenwich Boat Company, and he now turns out about 20 custom-built boats a year for purchasers in Portugal, Spain, Cuba, South America, Italy, Switzerland, France and the U.S. An Etchells' Star costs about \$3,000 today, and is modeled after *Shandon*, the fourth in line of the improved versions of *Skiffalak* which Skip has built for himself.

In the beginning Mary sanded, scraped, painted, varnished and did

odd jobs around the yard, to help make ends meet. When profits began to accrue she promoted herself to secretary-treasurer and took over the business and administrative details of the operation. "If I didn't watch him," she says, "Skip would give the yard away. He's discontent-happy. Not just with friends but with casual acquaintances, too."

In 1955 Skip also began to build Lightnings. In this class, as in the case of the Stars, certain small variations in the hull are permitted. Shortly after an Etchells-built Lightning won the class's world championship in 1956 questions about his boats' measurements were raised. Some of the 30-old Lightnings he had built were allowed to retain their racing certificates, but some had their certificates rescinded on the grounds that they exceeded the tolerances established by the Lightning Class Association. There were differences of opinion within the association itself, and in the general hullabaloo a number of other boats had their certificates revoked too.

Skip insists his Lightnings all came off the same jigs and are, therefore, identical. But since he can no longer guarantee that a Lightning he builds will be granted a racing certificate, Skip has lost business. So he is sailing

PEACEFULLY ASHORE. SKIP AND MARY ETCHELLS ENJOY HAPPY HARMONY AT HOME



the Lightning Class Association for damages amounting to \$95,300, for "discrimination and loss of business."

The issue will probably remain clouded until this fall, when the case will be heard in the Port Clinton, Ohio, Court of Common Pleas.

When they began building Stars, the Etchells inadvertently hoisted themselves high on their own petard. They have now been beaten by their own boats more often than they like to recall. Straulino used an Etchells boat to take the world championship away from them in Portugal in 1952. Carlos de Cardenas has twice beaten them in international events in an Etchells boat. And in a number of other races, boats from their own yard have shown Skip and Mary their sterns.

Etchells' Stars, moreover, won the 1948 and 1952 Olympics and placed second in 1956. When Skip and Mary won their world championship, seven of the first 10 boats came from their shop, as did six of the first 10 in the North American series they won last year. The 1958 European championship was won by an Etchells boat, sailed by Portugal's Marquis Joaquim Figueira. Skip's boats also took second and third places.

But despite the fact that the Etchells have in a sense become their own worst enemies they still continue to win their share of races. Arthur Knapp thinks their success can be explained easily. He says, "One: Mary is everything a crew should be. Two: There's a cliché to the effect that it isn't the best sailor but the guy who makes the fewest mistakes who wins races. Skip makes damn few."

Skip's sailing skills are the usual ones every small-boat sailor must acquire to achieve top ranking in his class, plus a knack or two which few of his rivals possess to the same degree. He can, for example, cut and sew sail expertly. And he believes he can improve on almost any suit of sail a professional sailmaker delivers to him, because of his engineering knowledge of stresses and strains.

He also has a special knack for sailing in heavy weather, as he demonstrated in last year's North American. On the only day two races were scheduled, a wicked 30-knot northwester was kicking up six-foot waves in the waters off Oxford, Md. When the spray cleared at the end of the day 19 of the 38 starters had lost masts or been forced out of the running by rigging failures—and Skip

had clinched the championship by winning both races, going away.

His tiller touch is driving a boat to windward is extraordinary. And with a strong wind on the quarter, he has mastered one of the most difficult tricks in the whole Star repertoire; using a wave's thrust and momentum to get a boat skimming like a surf-board on the forward slope of a long swell. Mary plays a role in this maneuver too. On the crest of the wave—it's a question of split-second timing—she has to shift her weight from the cockpit to the foredeck to help keep the boat in a planing position.

Light air seems to make Skip light-headed. He considers an afternoon of balmy breezes a personal affront, and calls down maledictions on the heads of the race committee, the weather bureau and the Democrats; all of whom have, of course, conspired to produce the condition he detests. In his wrath, he is inclined to go slogging off on a tack of his own in search of some nonexistent breeze, while the rest of the fleet plods on ahead of him toward the finish line. Several years ago this aberration cost him at least two important titles. But in recent seasons Mary has managed to hold him in line. When she can keep his mind off the Democrats, the race committee and the weather bureau, he is just as dangerous in light air as he is in a real blow.

#### WIN BY TAKING FIFTH

The Etchells share the same racing philosophy. They believe in being consistent rather than spectacular. When they won the world title in 1951 they faced the largest and strongest Star fleet that has ever been assembled. Forty-nine boats from eight countries were gathered on the waters of Chesapeake Bay, off the Gibson Island Yacht Club, and in the preseries book at least 15 boats loomed as potential winners. Skip and Mary knew the mortality rate in such a field would be high, and they figured that a score of 225, the equivalent of five fifth places, should be good enough to win the series. (The fifth-place boat in a field of 49 would earn 45 points, since a boat is awarded a point for finishing and a point for each boat it beats.)

The Etchells placed fifth in the first race, fifth in the second race, fifth in the third race, and then grew erratic and moved into second place in the fourth race. They went into the final race—which was sailed in light, puffy

air—with a five-point lead over their nearest rival, Dick Stearns of Chicago. When they turned into the last leg, Stearns was second behind Straulino, and they were in sixth place. Stearns had cut their lead from five points to one.

If the Etchells could pick up just one more boat they would win the championship even if Stearns caught Straulino. If they failed to pick up another boat and Stearns won the race, they would lose the championship. Skip and Mary talked the situation over. As things stood, they knew they couldn't hope to pick up the boat ahead of them unless they went tacking off in search of a breeze, which they might or might not find. But they were sure they could successfully cover the boat behind them. If Straulino could overtake Stearns, their one-point lead would be protected. They decided to guard the lead they had rather than run the risk involved in an attempt to increase it.

At the finish, Stearns was still second and Skip and Mary were still sixth—and the championship was theirs. Stearns had picked up five points on them in the last race, and another five when he'd won one of the races in which they'd finished fifth, but he hadn't been able to match their steady performance. He'd given them 11 points—and the championship—by finishing 15th to their fifth in another race.

A yachting expert who recently tried to analyze the Etchells' success as a team came to the conclusion that, everything considered, the two most important factors were: 1) that Skip was a consistent sailor regardless of weather vagaries, and 2) that Mary was a crew without peer. This is only half the story. In appraising the Etchells it is also important to stress the fact that Skip is a consistent sailor only because of Mary's influence, and that Mary is without peer only because of Skip's training. Their skills are so completely homogenized, in a sense, that it is almost impossible to evaluate them separately.

It is probably a mistake to even think of them as a team. They are really a unit. It may be a subtle distinction but it is a valid one. Only a unit can be defined as an indivisible entity. And Skip and Mary have demonstrated that nothing can divide them. It's equally clear that no mere team could have possibly survived 20 years of their particular brand of explosive felicity.

END

## A caper within the rules

**Winner of the Newport race was sailed by a full professor of ocean-racing mathematics**

EVERY big ocean race is, in a sense, a test of the ocean racing handicap rule, "the equalizer," as it has been called. There are several handicap rules—the Transpacific, the Off-Soandings, etc.—but the rule is set forth by the Cruising Club of America and governs the big East Coast races: on even years the Bermuda and on odd years the Annapolis-Newport. This being the year for the run from Annapolis, the wharves of the old colonial city were filled with racing skippers and talk of the rule a fortnight ago. The talk mounted considerably when Designer Ray

Hunt, the unrepentant bad boy of sailing and a genius at his trade, showed up with a scary-looking *Horrier*. *Harrier* in 1957 ran as a sloop and won the Annapolis-Newport, but the *Horrier* of 1959 had jettisoned her modest mainsail and jib for a huge undignified main and no jib at all. A cat rig, no less. Minus headsails, *Horrier*, much to the annoyance of Hunt's fellow skippers, rated way, way down in the fleet of 71 starters.

Hunt said he was looking for a simple, two-man cruising rig that eliminated all the bother of headsail changes. If, incidentally, *Harrier* went well enough to win under her new low rating, all well and good. Luckily for ocean racing men, *Harrier* did not go well as a catboat (14th in Class C), or the whole Atlantic fleet would have had to rerig to beat her.



SAILS DRAWING BEAUTIFULLY, THE WINNING ZOAT CROSSES THE FINISH LINE



Now is the hour  
for  
**PARFAIT AMOUR**  
(Perfect Love)

the scent-sational  
liqueur by Bols  
Straight or Frappé  
...try it today  
you'll love it!



Since 1575  
**BOLS**  
liqueurs

A CHOICE OF 20 DELICIOUS LIQUEURS

EVER Lucas Bols Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky.  
40 PROOF PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

The boat that did so well under the rule was Irving Pratt's *Caper*. Three days and three hours after the start, *Caper* slid in under Castle Hill light at Newport ahead of two be-medaled old campaigners: *Norval* (ex-*Bliss*) and *Cerina*. When the handicaps for the whole fleet were figured, *Caper*, *Norval* and *Cerina* were win, place and show. For the first time in memory, Class A had swept a big East Coast race.

Separating the effect of weather from the effect of the rule, the Class B and Class C fleets were hurt when the wind died and the tide changed the mouth of the Chesapeake. By then Class A already had turned the corner at Chesapeake lightship and was well out in the Atlantic, riding southerlies that carried them all the way to Newport. However, the smaller boats still had two and a half days to catch Class A. Only the most smartly sailed three in Class A managed to stay far enough ahead to nullify the eight- to 12-hour advantage of *Southern Star II*, Class C winner and fourth in the fleet.

#### TESTING THE RULE

Deciding the winner among *Caper*, *Norval* and *Cerina* was a good test of the rule. The three are within a foot and a half of each other, but they represent three very different concepts. *Norval*, built by Sparkman & Stephens in 1918, is a deep-draft centerboarder with a big foretriangle and a hull husky enough forward to hold up under her big headsails. Under the rule *Norval* gives *Caper* an hour. *Cerina* was designed for Richard Nye by Phil Rhodes in 1953. She was the flowering of the shallow-draft centerboard type that took advantage of the credit given under the rule for wide beams. She has approximately three hours' advantage on *Caper*. Pratt's boat, designed by Rhodes two years ago, is a narrow deep-keel job.

In this year's Annapolis-Newport, old *Norval* hung onto *Caper* all the way. Art Shuman and Ed Dinkaroon who chartered *Norval* for the race sailed her well. It was obvious to anyone aboard *Norval*, as I was, that only a break could have put *Norval* first even though *Caper* has a shorter water line and a smaller foretriangle and ought to sail a bit slower. *Norval* was not performing

continued

## For Happy Mileage

STOP AT  
THE SIGN  
OF THE  
SMILING  
TIRE



B.F. Goodrich

Smileage  
DEALER

**Relax!** Drive worry-free on B.F. Goodrich Silvertowns. They're lab-tested, road-tested, time-tested. We do the worrying for you! So have fun. Enjoy trouble-free mileage on the quality tires chosen for new cars year after year. Get top value, get Smileage! 4 tires, \$4 down!

B.F. Goodrich Smileage dealers are listed in the Yellow Pages. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

## B.F. Goodrich Smileage dealers



### FRIENDS LIKE GOLF, TOO???

Why not share the best of it and every other sport with a year's gift subscription to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Lively... colorful... rewarding... it's easy to give and sure to please, 52 times a year. Price: \$7.50

To enter gift subscription orders just write: Dept. S-3412, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

## SUN-DRIED

LIPS

ChapStick

...soothing, fast relief for dry, sunburned and cracked, parched lips. Makes all lips feel great!

ENICAR  
ULTRASONIC  
Sharma DIVER 600



### The ideal DIVER'S WATCH with the luminous turning bezel

Tested at pressures equal to 600 feet below sea level, the **Sharma Diver 600** tells you how long you're under water—measures elapsed time in all sporting events. Finest quality 17 jewel automatic movement.

Waterproof—as long as crystal remains intact and case is closed by a competent jeweler.



ENICAR WATCH CORP. • 851 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

\$75.00

## Boeing openings offer ENGINEERS • SCIENTISTS

outstanding careers,  
wonderful Western living



Supersonic BOMARC in flight

BOMARC is one of the expanding missile and space programs at Boeing that offer engineers and scientists all the joys of opportunity to grow in professional stature and to work in a dynamic environment under no time constraints or pressure. Openings now available in Research Design, Production Service



Lake Washington in Seattle

Boeing is headquartered in Seattle in the Pacific Northwest, a beautiful area, world famous for fresh and salt water boating, fishing, hunting, skiing. Area abounds in lakes, streams, forests. Mild year-round climate. Year-round golf.



Snoqualmie Pass in area

Six months a year skiing, one hour from Seattle. Seattle is noted also for beautiful homes, top-ranking schools, cultural activities. Paper wonderful Western living — at Boeing.

Write today for your free copy of the 25 page book "Environment for Engineers, Scientists, Technicians, Designers and Field Engineers." All direct. Mr. Stanley M. Little, Boeing Company, Q-1, P.O. Box 3622, Seattle 23, Washington.



**BOEING**

## BOATING continued

up to design; her sails were just average while *Caper's* were excellent. There is no compensation in the rule for a boat that doesn't have sails delivering maximum possible horsepower.

As for *Curtain*, had Skipper Nye gone her around the Chesapeake light reasonably close to *Caper* or *Amrod*, she would have finished ahead of one or both on handicap, since a down-wind course favors the boat with the most handicap advantage. As it was, *Curtain* hit the wrong slants of wind in the bay and came out several hours behind her two rivals. So, having got off to a bad start, she lost under the rule, and it would appear that in *Curtain's* case, as in *Norwood's*, the rule was working.

The fact that the rule proved out was a satisfaction to the winning skipper on a par with his satisfaction at winning the race. An investment adviser with a flair for finding mathematical relationships, Irving Pratt greatly admires and is greatly fascinated by the rule. Moreover, as chairman of the committee that makes changes in the rule, he has had quite a bit to do with its present form.

"Pratt sits home and works on the rule," said Dick Nye, "when all his friends are out playing bridge. That's why he knows so much about it."

## HEULY TO THE RULE

At any rate, when Pratt asked Phil Rhodes to design *Caper*, he said he wanted her built "pretty much to the rule." By this he meant that he wanted *Caper* to take only small penalties and small credits under the rule. In fact, Pratt leaned toward penalties and a fast boat, rather than credits and a slower hull.

"I like to cross the line first, and let the others do the arithmetic," Pratt has said, but it is a good bet that long hours of poring over ocean-racing results convinced him that a boat which took a few penalties for speed could beat out the handicap advantage on the wide-beam centerboarders that have been all the rage. Phil Rhodes's work on *Caper* is proving the thesis out. This is all to the good. An owner should be able to pick either a centerboard design or a keel design with equal chance of having a winner. This is an ideal toward which Pratt's committee has been working.

Is the committee now satisfied with

the rule? Well, no, not exactly.

"With the help of members like Arthur Homer [president of Bethlehem Steel Corp. and skipper of *Selkirk III*] we're trying to revise the rule," said Pratt.

Committee Chairman Pratt would rather not say just what changes are contemplated, but indications from other sources are that at least two changes are up for consideration. One is an increased penalty for foretriangles. Right now headsails are not penalized in ratio to the speed which they give a boat. However, Hunt's experiment with *Horror*, some have said—and Hunt has denied—was just to show the committee what



OWNER PRATT GIVES VICTORY GRIN

could happen if the foretriangle penalty got too heavy. People would give up having one.

Another problem up for consideration is the question of unpenalized ballast. Since ballast is a measure of a boat's ability to carry sail, the more ballast, naturally, the more penalty. However, there are ways of making weight not measured as ballast under the rule act as ballast. One dodge is over-heavy planking below the water line. Others are heavy metal cabin floors, thick steel water tanks and extra heavy anchor chains. The committee, consequently, has been working on other ways of measuring sail-carrying ability. One way that the committee has been testing involves inclining a boat a few degrees mechanically and measuring her resistance to being tipped. This, it is said, would take into account all indirect as well as all obvious ballast. Whether this theory works in practice or not, only the committee knows. But one thing is sure: good as it is, the rule will be changed and, if the past is any indicator, the changes will make the old equalizer work better. **END**



**NEW FROM KODAK**



American classics—tennis at Forest Hills—and the Kodak Signet 80 Camera

## KODAK SIGNET 80: the camera that opens new worlds of picture pleasure!

Ever watch the way an expert uses his camera? Quick. Smooth. Sure. That's how you'll handle this fine Signet 80 Camera from the very start. And you'll get snapshots or color slides worthy of any expert . . . easily. Here's why . . .

*Easy lens interchange*—wide-angle, telephoto. *Easy meter-measured exposure*—no guesswork. *Easy view-framing*—big as life. *Easy, precise*

*rangefinder focusing. Easy film advance*—two quick thumb-flicks. *Easy loading*—no threading!

See this great new 35mm camera now at your Kodak dealer's. With 50mm  $f/2.8$  lens, only \$129.50. (Wide-angle lens 35mm  $f/3.5$ , \$57.50; telephoto lens 90mm  $f/4$ , \$69.50. MultiFrame Finder, \$17.50. Many other Signet aids available.) Many children offer access as low as \$47.50. Offers are lot, in both 35mm & 110, are subject to change without notice.



*Easy exposure control.* Photoelectric meter ends all guesswork. Reads the light for you.



*Easy viewing with the natural-size finder.* Coupled rangefinder assures sharp pictures.



*Easy film loading.* Drop film in—no threading! You could do it blindfolded!

See Kodak's "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" and "The Ed Sullivan Show"

**EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.**

**Kodak**  
TRADE MARK



# **BUFFET SETTING IN COHASSET**

*Chaud-froid of chicken breasts with truffles*  
*Lime moussé with cream cheese balls and radish rosettes*  
*Spinach rag with hollandaise sauce*  
*Servis of mashed potatoes*  
*Jellied salad ring of Bing cherries*

# A sportswoman's summer table

Jessie Bancroft Cox, prominent horse show judge, is a superlative hostess as well

THIS silver centerpiece for the handsome buffet setting on the opposite page marks the table of a thoroughgoing and distinguished sportswoman, Mrs. Jessie Bancroft Cox of Cohasset, Mass. The Devon Victory Challenge Cup, awarded annually to the winner of the most points at the Devon Horse Show, was retired by the Cox stable in 1933. The most coveted trophy of its kind stands here in the smaller of two dining rooms in which Jessie Cox and her husband, William C. Cox, a director of the *Wall Street Journal*, frequently entertain. I can testify that nothing is more pleasant than to be among the guests in their flower-filled, hospitable Edwardian house, The Oaks, and to partake of a Sunday brunch such as the one shown in the photograph.

Jessie Cox, who won her first blue ribbon driving a Shetland pony at the age of 4, grew up to garner just about every possible horse show award for hackney ponies and harness horses. After retiring from competition, she has become much sought after as a horse show judge in the U.S., Canada and Europe. She was the first American woman ever invited to judge at Olympia in London. Last year she had invitations to judge at 22 shows but was able to accept only a few. This year husband Bill Cox, who has long shared her enthusiasm for harness horses and ponies, will judge the pony divisions at the National.

The enthusiasms of this small, fascinating dynamo of a woman are many and varied. They include sailing (as a girl she won the Women's National Sailing Championship), hospital work in Boston, seven grandchildren and, perhaps first in so far as time and attention are concerned, the family manse at Cohasset. Here she becomes a passionate gardener, famed in horticultural circles for her orchids. And here, in the kitchen, is her huge Duparquet iron range. "It burns a ton of coal a month," she says, "and it's worth it." Here, too, are the wonderful Scandinavian maids "who have been in the family forever; we love each other and our entertainments."

Collaboration between Mrs. Cox and Hilda, her cook, in preparing the brunch shown at left resulted in a principal attraction of *chaud-froid* of chicken (recipe below), together with hot rolls and three hot dishes: a soufflé-like ring of spinach with hollandaise sauce; a plate of puffed, browned mashed potato swirls; and (not in the picture) a platter of New England fish balls, "the good kind that have beads." There are two jellies—one with grated carrot and lime flavoring and a décor



CLASSIC STYLE, which calls for "quiet hands," is shown by Mrs. Cox as she drives Cassius Glen Ideal, fine hackney pony stallion owned by Mrs. J. Macy Willets of New Marlboro, Mass.

of cream cheese balls and radishes, the other a brandied black cherry salad ring filled with shredded greens and surrounded by Boston lettuce with homemade mayonnaise. *Petit fours* and coffee complete the meal.

## CHAUD-FROID OF CHICKEN (serves 12)

- 2 six-pound roasting chickens
- Chicken broth or stock, or a mixture of stock and water, to cover birds
- 4 small white carrots
- 2 medium-sized yellow onions, coarsely chopped
- Small bunch of celery tops

The day before the party, bring broth to a boil in two pots. Clean and tie up chickens in usual manner and place in pots with vegetables. Cover pots; simmer about 1½ hours or till chickens are tender. Allow birds to cool in the stock.

Next day, skim fat from the broth. Cut drumsticks and wings off chickens, saving these and broth for future use. Remove the breast meat from each side carefully; skin, then cut each breast in two to make eight pieces from the two chickens. Remove skin, bone and veins from second joints and shape each into two pieces. You now have 12 collops of cold chicken.

(In large cities, where special stores sell chicken in parts, it is often more convenient to buy broiler breasts than it is to cope with whole roasters. Breasts from six broilers serve 12 people, take only about 45 minutes to cook tender. Before cooking, remove two lower sections of wings with poultry shears; after cooking, discard skin and all bones except upper wing bones. Trim to neat shapes.)

## The Sauce

- |                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| ½ pound butter      | Salt                  |
| ½ cup flour         | White pepper          |
| 1 quart heavy cream | 2 egg yolks           |
| Lemon peel          | Small can of truffles |

Melt butter in the top of a double boiler and whisk flour into it. After a few minutes on the fire, whisk in one quart minus one tablespoon of heavy cream, previously heated with a piece of lemon peel. Cook sauce slowly till thickened, stirring often and seasoning to taste. Beat egg yolks with one tablespoon heavy cream; then, off the stove, slowly add the hot sauce to egg mixture, beating vigorously. When cooled slightly, but still warm, pour over individual chicken pieces arranged on a serving platter. Chill in refrigerator. Decorate with pieces of truffle and, if desired, rounds of cooked carrot.

## The little world of bantams gets a new champ

He's José Becerra, a skinny kid from Guadalajara, who knocked out Alphonse Halimi in Mexico's finest fistic hour

TITLE BELT ALDIT, BECERRA IS PARADED AROUND THE RING

IN other areas of the world, more blasé, perhaps, or more cloyed with success, the emergence of a new world's prizefighting champion is hardly occasion for a national holiday. But for vigorous Old Mexico the victory of 23-year-old José Covarrubias Becerra (pronounced beh-sar-ra) in the bantamweight championship boxing match last week in the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena was a cataclysmic event which reduced a crowd of 15,000 largely Mexican spectators to a state of gibbering hysteria, touched off a weekend of riotous dancing in the streets of the national capital and prompted the President of Mexico to dispatch a mock-stern command to Becerra: "Monday, without excuses, I will expect you at the National Palace."

The deep emotional interest of the people of Mexico in the athletic achievements of its *warriors* has to be seen to be disbelieved. When José Becerra knocked Alphonse Halimi flat on his back in the eighth round and the count of 10 had been tolled off, there was genuine fear the prone ex-champion would get trampled to death in the rush of Mexicans into the ring.

Becerra himself contributed to the solemnity of the occasion when he observed right after the fight: "I give thanks to God for winning this title which is for my own good and for the good of boxing in Mexico."

In a sense, the passion of his people is understandable. True, they have had *campesinos del mundo* before. But there was always a tarnish to the wins: Juan Zurita, after all, was only the NBA's version of a lightweight champ—and he held the title in virtual anonymity during the war and only until his first defense. Raul Muelas was a mustachioed *coñalero* (and movie actor) who also won only the NBA version of the bantamweight title in a fight with an ex-foot-fighter from Thailand. He got his jaw broken in his first fight after that and lost his title hands down in his first world defense (against Halimi) in 1957. A graduate street brawler from Monterrey, Lauro Salas, secured an overnight hold on the lightweight title by winning a disputed decision over Jimmy Carter in 1952 but lost it right back, and convincingly, the very next fight. Only Becerra is able to hand the ears to his countrymen and El Presidente. He won convincingly and, assuredly, could do it again.

Becerra is hardly the best fighter ever to come out of Mexico. At 23 he is green. He punches hard but not explosively. He gets tangled up in his own feet. But he is big for a bantamweight, and his arms are long and skinny and make him capable of hurting an opponent just as competently with a long hook or cross as with the short inside smashes more favored by bantamweights.

But mostly, Becerra is persistent. In Halimi he was fighting a canny, muscular champion who is used to outlasting and outslugging his opposition, a man who enters the ring so relaxed and with such low blood pressure a doctor might be pardoned for giving him No Dox tablets to keep his mind on his work.

### WINE AND CIVILIZATION

In a sense, it is too bad Halimi has gone, for however long, from the boxing scene. A gentle, kindly man, he brought a fresh air of French *flair* and civilization to the ancient art of *la boxe*. He smiled readily and with warm eyes. He dismissed sparring partners who pursued their duties too energetically, explaining apologetically that he fought for his life only in the real ring on fight night and for money. He popped the eyes of sportswriters when he politely ordered a full bottle of wine to go with his red meat at the contract-signing luncheon.

At the bell at the end of each round he grabbed opponent Becerra's cheeks in his gloved hands and smiled warmly at him as though he were about to thank him for the dance rather than the savage bloodletting just completed. At the end of the fight it was loser Halimi who marched over to winner Becerra's dressing room to congratulate him.

This sportsmanlike philosophy did

not dissuade Champion Halimi from making a full-throttle effort to keep his championship. For the first three rounds of his fight it seemed as though the thousands of Mexicans who had made the pilgrimage over more up from the old country to fill all the gaudy gold, blue and red seats of the Los Angeles Sports Arena, whose inaugural event this was, had once more pail through the nose to see a countryman humiliated. In the second round Halimi squashed his rival's nose with a right and might have knocked him except that he seemed to want to save it till later. By round three Halimi had short-hooped Becerra into a state of mouth-breathing, flat-footed confusion.

But later an astonishing thing began to be apparent. Although he had put a mouse under Becerra's left eye and had hit him broadside with dozens of smashes, Halimi could not really hurt Becerra. The silent youngster from Guadalajara kept coming on through the rain of punishment, and his own punches, longer and straighter, began to crash through Halimi's rocket rain. It was also evident Becerra could hurt Halimi.

Becerra, with two inches more height, was a bigger if less muscular man. In the third he hit Halimi with a punch that seemed no harder than several the French-Algerian had landed on him, but the champion would have gone down except that his seat caught on the ring ropes. Quite suddenly the champion was indeed fighting for his life.

Halimi was so tormented by the relentless Mexican that he began to make uncharacteristic tactical errors. He allowed himself to be backed into the ropes and heguiled into slugging with José. He was decidedly over-matched at this activity, and while the end, in the eighth round, was sudden, it can be recalled in retrospect as having been more like the gradual chopping down of a thick tree rather than the explosive uprooting.

Halimi was beset with more and more persistence and began to look around like a man trying to escape a party bore by a thick tree in the eighth round, when Becerra's blows began to snap his head back as if on a hinge. He tried rather desperately to maneuver around to Becerra's corner, unable to comprehend the screamed French instructions ("Stay off the ropes!") from his own corner in the fantastic din of broken Spanish and English that was the sports arena.

Suddenly a left whistled into his stomach. He doubled up.

A right crackled on his jaw, then a left and he toppled face forward. As he went down, another right (Becerra increased the tempo of his punching metronomically as the fight wore on) curled around the back of his neck so that it seemed for an instant as though he had been flung to the floor rather than slugged there.

But when he got up, there was no doubt about it. Becerra bottled him up again, drilled a left, then whopped a right, then a left. The last left was superfluous. Halimi's legs were going out from under him by then, and he was briefly in a state of levitation before he thudded to the floor, *spine* first. The count was unnecessary, and by the toll of "seven" it seemed the ring was already crowded with excited *coqueros* in peg-topped pants hotly pursued by harassed cops, as in a scene from an old Mark Sennett two-reeler. The ex-champion slumbered through it. A nonroster approached the doctor kneeling over him, "Is he hurt?" he wondered out loud. The doctor shrugged. "No," he said. "Just knocked out."

For a U.S. fighter, being a hantam-weight is a little like being a left-handed third baseman. There's just no future in it. But in Mexico, and for José Becerra, it is enough to be *el campeón del mundo*. In the future, José Covarrubias Becerra, who quit school at the age of 12 and the weight of 80 pounds to work carrying bus engines around a repair shop, will be, without excuses, ready to keep his people proud of him.

Farther up the Coast, another champion had better fortune last week. He is Don Jordan who, in the second defense of his welterweight title, took on Denny Moyer in the infield of a Portland race course. Moyer, who is 19, would have been the youngest champion in the history of the division had he but won. He didn't come close. Although a resourceful boxer, Moyer simply did not have the weapons or experience to cope with Jordan's relentless pressing. The daylight fight went 15 rounds and Moyer, despite the close official scoring—147 143, 147 144 and 144-143—won perhaps two of them, the second and the 15th. For the remainder of the fight he beat an orderly retreat before Jordan's hanging. The only way youth was served in Portland was on a platter.

END



# ASK ANYONE

who's been  
to Puerto Rico...

They'll surely tell you the  
best-selling, best-tasting  
quality rum on the island is

# DON Q

Finest Rum for you

© Prosser - Schieffelin & Co., New York



MANUEL YCAZA RIDES RESACA PAST FINISHING POST AT DELAWARE PARK AS FAVORED SILVER SPOON FLOURISHES ON RAIL

## *First lady—momentarily*

**Resaca dusted off Silver Spoon and Quill in a spirited filly race, pointing out the values of a jockey who rides to orders**

NO TRACK in the country has contributed more to the racing welfare of the better-class fillies and mares than Du Pont-sponsored Delaware Park in Wilmington. Since the track started its famous series of races known as the Distaff Big Three only five years ago, there have been noteworthy triumphs there by such distinguished females as High Voltage, Parlo, Dotted Line, Mx Clementine, Flower Bowl, Bayou, Princess Turia, Big Effort, Alanesan and Endline.

This year, when most of the 3-year-old colts have been upsetting each other with painstaking regularity, some exceedingly flashy performances by the girls have enlivened the season. It all began in California last

winter when the two upstart C. V. Whitney fillies, Bug Brush and Silver Spoon, knocked the pins out from under all those of their own sex who dared oppose them. Then both of these well-bred damazels stepped forward to take on colts and promptly treated them as though racing had never had a rule of thumb which states that girls just aren't supposed to beat boys. These girls did.

While Bug Brush and Silver Spoon were conquering California, Reginald Webster's Quill was playing queen bee in the East. She won the Acorn and Mother Goose with no effort at all and was 1 to 4 to romp off with the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont a few weeks ago when dis-

aster, if that is the proper term for an upset, struck. While many of us who watched Quill lose that Belmont race to the King Ranch filly, Resaca, were quick to put the blame on a generally criticized ride by P. J. Bailey (who sent her the first three quarters in a blistering 1:10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>), leaving her nothing but her own heart and guts with which to finish the long haul), we were at fault in failing to appreciate the full merit of the triumphant Resaca. And most surprising of all was the postrace comment from the King Ranch barn of Trainer Max Hirsch that he and Owner Robert Kleberg actually believed Resaca should have beaten Quill by more than the official half-length margin. "The boy," said Mr. Kleberg later (referring to impetuous but skillful Manuel Ycaza), "moved on her too soon. If he'd waited, the win would have been more impressive."

Impressive it was, nonetheless, though maybe not nearly as neat a trick as Resaca pulled off at Delaware Park last Saturday when, in winning the Delaware Oaks over the best field of 3-year-old fillies gathered on any track so far this year, the beautiful bay filly trounced Quill by 10 lengths. What's more, she beat Silver Spoon by two lengths to capture, momentarily at least, the title of best 3-year-old filly in the land.

This was, of course, the race everybody had been awaiting for a long time. In Silver Spoon's springtime invasion of the East she had acquitted herself well in the Kentucky Derby. Her fifth-place finish, considering the various traffic problems involved en route, was better than it looks in the charts, and, with a break, she might have wound up third behind Tomy Lee and Sword Dancer. Back to Hollywood Park she went, and in her next start, on June 13, she trounced a field of seven colts, including Derby winner Tomy Lee, who so persisted in running out during the entire race that his violent-tempered owner, Fred Turner, shortly thereafter ran out himself—clear out of racing.

The mile-and-an-eighth Delaware Oaks was supposed to be a private settlement of accounts between Silver Spoon and Quill—with Resaca cast in the role of a once-lucky winner who couldn't possibly cash in twice in a row. And, of course, tremendous excitement was built up over Silver Spoon, for the filly who had beaten colts twice and had done so creditably in the Kentucky Derby had captured the imagination and fancy of racing fans everywhere. Old-timers, who maintain that a good horse can run over any kind of track, laughed off the difference between Hollywood Park and Delaware Park, which on Oaks Day after a Friday rain was still good but somewhat holding. They said Silver Spoon would murder her field. Maybe they would also have liked to have known that eight days before the race, while flying at 19,000 feet over Kansas in their chartered plane (cost of trip: \$10,600), a sudden thunderstorm sent both Silver Spoon and Bug Brush crashing to their knees.

Resaca's trainer, Max Hirsch, noticing that the going was particularly impeding close by the inside rail, rolled his foxy old eyes. "What do I think? I think this could be quite a horse race. Yes, sir, quite a horse race." Shortly afterward he and Mr.

Kleberg huddled over Jockey Yeaza as though they were trying to protect him from the law. Manuel Yeaza's beady eyes twinkled, and this young man, who in the last few months has gradually put his superb skill and hot-blooded temperament into beautiful harmony, gave them his full attention. "When you move with this filly," said Mr. Kleberg, "try not to do it too suddenly. She's fit and ready and full of run. She'll do what you want her to do, but make a gradual move. If it's close at the wire, O.K., do anything, but otherwise move gradually—remember, gradually."

#### INSIDE STORY

Max squinted at the gifted Panamanian and Yeaza smiled back at him. "Lay off the pace and play it as you see it." In the next stall in the saddling shed Bob Wheeler was saying almost the same thing to Bill Boland, who was about to ride Silver Spoon. "Don't get into any sprint race with any early speed horse. Keep off the pace and remember one thing: the going is deeper on the inside."

From the start only three of the nine starters were ever in serious contention, and Quill (who was now ridden by Bob Unsery instead of Bailey) ran along in fourth place for most of the trip; but instead of moving up to challenge at the crucial

stage, she seemed resentful of Unsery's hold on her and finished fifth.

It was Indian Maid, flown in from Chicago, who barreled into the lead, with Boland and Silver Spoon just behind them into the clubhouse turn. Yeaza, following his orders to the letter, lay fourth and then third as the girls skipped up the backstretch in fractions of :23<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, then :48, and the three quarters in 1:13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>.

Going into the far turn, the moment of decision had arrived. Boland knew he could catch Indian Maid and instinct told him the quickest way to take the lead was to go through on the rail. He did. Yeaza saw what was going on and put Resaca into her gradual drive, but he went around. They turned for home, and Boland must have realized his tactical error, for, as he said later, "Silver Spoon ran fine for the first part of it, but once I put her into a drive [on the rail] she started floundering and bobbling all over the place." Resaca and Yeaza were presented with no such problem. Swinging wide around the stretch turn, they were little more than a length behind Silver Spoon, but when both fillies leveled on course for the run home it was no longer a race. Resaca, with Manuel hunched characteristically with that eye-catching short hold, hurried past Silver Spoon. Silver Spoon had had it, and Resaca, a daughter of Middeground and Retama (both fillies, by the way, trace back to Equipoise on their bottom line), had given it to her by two solid lengths. Resaca's time was a creditable 1:51<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>.

On July 25 the prize of them all, the \$150,000 Delaware Handicap, will be decided with both Resaca and Silver Spoon back on tap for that one, meeting, as they must, older mares at a mile and a quarter. "We'll have another try at Resaca then," said Bob Wheeler, "and it might be a different story. This week we'll run Bug Brush [in the New Castle], and then in the Handicap maybe the two of them as an entry."

Max Hirsch allowed as how he'd be back, too. Mr. Kleberg's 6-year-old granddaughter Emory Alexander, who bounced joyfully into the winner's circle, wasn't going to miss anything, either. "I'll be there," she yelled. And then she thrust her own precious \$5-win ticket on Resaca into the tough hands of Manuel Yeaza. His eyes glittered in the bright Delaware sun, and nobody had to tell him that he, too, would be back. **END**



TEXAS RANCHER Robert Kleberg won his second Oaks during the past four weeks.

## Here's how it was in Grandpa's day

**Once a year trotting returns to its true origins at Goshen's Historic Track, where the horses are the big attraction for a knowledgeable audience and the betting is only incidental**

UNKNOWN to fame is the first American who drove his wife and children home from church behind the family trotter one Sunday morning and then challenged his neighbor to a trotting race that afternoon. Whoever he was, he originated harness racing, and though the coming of the horseless carriage made the buggy obsolete, it also firmly established the trotter as a purely sporting animal. The sport's traditions, obviously, go back to colonial times, and nowhere are they perpetuated more fondly and colorfully than on a pleasant meadow near the center of town in Goshen, N.Y., where church bugles were competing against each other, with side bets of course, in the early 1800s. There the nation's first trotting track was laid out, and there, last week, harness races were conducted as they have been ever since.

Surrounded by the neat farms of the rolling Orange County countryside, Historic Track (apt name!) offers trotting races for sport's sake, with betting just a part of the show, not its main purpose. The spectacle of finely bred animals competing for minor prizes but much glory, under a brilliant afternoon sky and before a crowd of aficionados who know their horses, is an enriching experience. To the eyes of city folks, accustomed only to the roulette wheel of harness racing under lights as conducted at most of the major tracks, the contrast with Historic is vivid indeed.

A festive week of spirited racing at Goshen was marred only by the fact that attendance was barred to anyone

below the age of 18. This ruling, one of a series of similarly capricious acts by New York Commissioner George Monaghan which has caused horsemen to hail his imminent departure from office, is ridiculous on its face and does violence to sporting tradition generally. What a narrow notion, that children should be shielded from the sight of money being bet on a horse race! There can be few better places than a pleasant race track for a youngster to discover the delights and values of true sportsmanship, to acquire ease and familiarity with animals, to learn self-discipline in handling money and to enjoy the open air.

Their children aside, many of trotting's first citizens were in attendance, as they always are at Historic. Typical of them is 64-year-old Octave Blake, president of the Grand Circuit. Oak Blake is a busy man; his factories (the Cornell-Duhalier Corp.) that produce electronic components for everything from TV sets to missiles are scattered around the country, in California, New Jersey, the Carolinas, Indiana and Massachusetts. Oak constantly flies this circuit, doing business en route in his own plane; yet when the first week in July comes round he cuts himself off from this and his many other enterprises and settles down in Goshen for a week of racing. "I tell my men," he says, "that I don't even want a phone call—except in case of fire." In the tan gabardine suit he always wears, Oak stands in the dust at the rail to observe the early-morning workouts and moves from there to the grandstand,

missing nothing. He is joined at both places by other regulars of the trotting fraternity—the Sherman Jennneys of Walnut Hall Stud, the Norman Woolworths of Clearview Stables, the Dave Johnstons of Whitehall Farm, the Fred Van Lennops of Castleton, the McNamara clan of Two Gaits and many more. Oak Blake and his friends come to Historic as much out of respect for the man who sponsors this meeting as for the races themselves, and the man they honor is Roland Harriman, premier patron of harness racing.

Since the turn of the century Historic Track has been the property of



UNIQUE. PAGODA-ROOFED, TURN-OF-







THE-CENTURY JUDGES' STARDS IN INFIELD STILL DOMINATE SCENE AT HISTORIC

the Harriman family. On it Roland himself has driven in many races, and his father before him; only a few years ago, Roland Harriman, his wife, and daughter Betty drove in the same amateur race—with Betty winning behind a homebred filly named Dido. Sponsoring Historic's meeting is something of an expensive hobby for Harriman. Maintaining the track, paying its personnel, adding to the purses—all cost him in the neighborhood of \$100,000 for the week. It keeps him away from his duties as board chairman of the Union Pacific Railroad and the American Red Cross—to name just two of

his myriad activities. And it also provides him the happiest few days of each year. Last week the clear blue eyes danced with excitement; the tall, spare frame bounced jauntily along as he greeted friends arriving for the races. "Come on in—relax and have fun!" has been his greeting at Historic for years now.

Outraged more than anyone else at the barring of children, Harriman explained: "Our sport, more than many others, encourages family participation. When I was a boy I drove horses—all of us did. Even today the families of our owners participate—they groom horses, jog them, race

them in amateur affairs. It's one of the particular glories of harness racing. Well, I protested the ruling, but it didn't do any good."

At the races themselves, the biggest thrill of the week was reserved, appropriately, for Roland Harriman. The climactic event was the free-for-all trot—the Titan—named for Harriman's own 1945 Hambletonian winner, Titan Hanover. In the first heat Harry Pownall drove the Harriman dark beauty, Sharpshooter, to a superb victory, though he was considered a rank outsider. The significance of this triumph lies in the fact that the rest of the field numbered practically all the nation's very best trotters, all those considered capable of representing the U.S. at Roosevelt Raceway's International Trot on August 1, including Trader Horn, who was selected for that honor. After Roland Harriman's big moment, however, Trader went on to win the next two heats and thereby the race, happily justifying his choice.

Among the Hambletonian eligibles competing at Goshen, Billy Haughton's Hickory Pride again displayed his easy superiority, winning two straight heats with comparative ease. He is clearly at the top of his form, and Billy's considerable task is to keep him at that peak for two long months before the Hambletonian. This week, at Saratoga, Hickory meets one of his principal Hambletonian competitors, Diller Hanover, in a match that affords the first opportunity this season to compare these two fine trotters.

As it was when last reported here, the situation among the Little Brown Jug candidates is still hopelessly confused. The two class pacers—Joe O'Brien's Meadow Al and Del Miller's Adios Day—were again ingloriously trounced at Goshen, this time by a noneligible named Right Time. Meadow Al broke in both heats, demonstrating that he has yet to recover from the skittishness he acquired three weeks ago at Laurel. Adios Day, driven at Goshen by Miller's assistant Jimmy Arthur, took the lead in both heats and both times faded badly. He looks like a horse in need of a rest from racing. It now appears reasonable that a filly, for the first time, may win the Jug. Miller himself has Meadow Maid and Stanley Dancer has Honick Rainbow, both of whom have been racing extremely well, in contrast to the colts.

END



BARRED FROM RACES by state commission ruling (see story), children sell lemonade at track entrance (left). Historic patrons Mr. and Mrs. Roland Harriman watch races (above), flanked by Grand Circuit President Oetave Blake and Mrs. Ebby Gerry Jr.

## Brainwashed champion

**At Detroit an old jumper with a new attitude shared attention with an absentee**

A HORSE that wasn't there, a reformed rogue and a jumper that wouldn't stay in the ring starred in their various fashions at the Detroit Horse Show.

The absent horse, Windsor Castle, last year's "stop-and-go champion" at Harrisburg (SI, Nov. 10, '88), starred by virtue not of performance but of price—he was sold for the tidy sum of \$25,000 a week before. Chicago's Harold Marzano and Si Jayne bought the sensational gelding from Carl Miller Jr. and then promptly withdrew him from the show. Si Jayne had strong objections to the water obstacles on the Bloomfield Open Hunt grounds where the show is held, claiming that jumpers do not face this test at the rest of the shows and, lacking the proper schooling, could have had wrecks. Ironically enough, while Windsor Castle stayed in his stall the other jumper exhibitors, after the first night, also com-

plained so lustily about a water jump 12 feet wide with a 2½-foot brush in front of it that it was eliminated from the future jumping courses.

Since Windsor Castle didn't go, the field was well open to the other competitors, and the upset victor that very first night over the criticized course was a 16-year-old gelding named Challenge. Ridden by Mrs. Bruce Campbell, a tiny (5 feet 1 inch) teacher of the deaf and hard of hearing in Ida, Mich., Challenge twisted, turned and jumped the intricate course with deceptive ease.

Only a few years ago Challenge, then known as Tops All, had been showing in Canada, where he earned a reputation for being slightly crazy. But Oscar Riepp of Toledo was one man who felt sure he could change him. He bought the horse. "We treated him like a human being," he says. "I talked to him a lot and worked him very quietly."

Riepp's confidence paid off, but later he suffered a heart attack and had to give up competition. So Mary Campbell now guides Challenge over the show ring fences, talking to him all the way. "It gives him confi-

dence," she says, "but it takes him fences to make him keep his mind on his business." Challenge minded his business so well that besides the opening Big Jumping Event, he won two more classes (plus a second place) and the jumper championship.

Although Challenge did not get to face Windsor Castle, that horse's new co-owner, Harold Marzano, turned up with four other jumpers to spice up the competition. One, a little roan gelding named Cochie who traveled as though he'd been nicked by a stray arrow, was something of a show stopper. A onetime Canadian champion, Cochie would usually get over anything he was aimed at, but the trick was to get him aimed. The horse knew where he wanted to go, and that was *not*. So one evening he leapt over the gate, still wearing his rider, Harold Marzano, and disappeared into the night.

At the neighboring Grosse Pointe show, held the week before, Cochie had managed four such exits from the scene of action. But the biggest news around the Grosse Pointe ring was the manner in which Windsor Castle changed hands.

Just before the event, Max Bonham, who trained and showed the horse, had a physical checkup. The results meant that Max was grounded. In Max's place Morton (Cappy) Smith rode Windsor Castle, and for five classes the big gelding did not touch a single fence.

The night before the show ended, Si Jayne was sitting with Harold Marzano when Si announced, "I am getting tired of having that Windsor Castle beat me. Let's go buy him." So 15 minutes later Marzano and Jayne returned minus \$25,000 but co-owners of the champion.

Meanwhile, Cappy Smith's Passport picked up the green working hunter prize, as well as reserve in the regular working hunter division, and another Smith horse, homebred Grey Pennant, took the green conformation hunter championship. Altogether, it was a highly satisfactory show for Cappy, the more so because it was part of a farewell tour. He leaves next month for Ireland to make final arrangements about going into the horse business there. Though he will be back in the U.S. for the fall circuit, his headquarters will be near Dublin, where, in an equestrian version of bringing coals to Newcastle, he will bring Virginia horses, including Grey Pennant, to Ireland. **END**

ROUNDING COURSE, CHALLENGE AND MARY CAMPBELL LOOK FOR NEXT FENCE



# World's First Transistor Portable TV



Philco Safari plays anywhere without plugging in...even in bright sunlight!

You've never seen TV like Safari! Weighing a scant 15½ pounds, less than 17" tall, Safari is the world's first TV you can take wherever you go, including places electricity can't go... on picnics, to the beach, on boats, in trains, truly everywhere!

Safari plays on its own built-in rechargeable battery, and the recharger is built in, too! (Or save the battery, operate Safari on AC house current!) And wait till you see the picture... it's like looking at a theatre screen! Exclusive Philco design lets you enjoy perfect viewing even in the highest sunlight!

Safari is the world's first transistor TV mass-produced for sale today! Reserve yours now at your Philco dealer's \$250

Rechargeable battery, 50-55 hours

**SPECIFICATIONS:** 21 transistor chassis, 4 IF stages, 5-transistor high gain tuner, 12 diodes, 2 rectifiers, 6mc-to-screen Perma-Circuit chassis design. First lens, "jack" for optional net screen! Natural or black genuine leather with saddle stitching double-strap top. Dimensions: 8½" wide 16½" high 6½" deep. Not available in U.K.F.



**NEW! SWIVEL-SCREEN CONSOLE-ETTE PRICED FROM \$199.95**

Decorate TV into so many rooms perfectly! Comes in 5 fashion-wise colors—gold, charcoal brown, vermilion, beige, mahogany finish. Hardwood stand has gleaming brass legs and a useful decorator shelf. The complete unit measures just 32" deep. The picture tube converts a full circle. Swivel (left) has automatic clock controls. Turn on your favorite programs, turn itself off at night.

# PHILCO

QUALITY FIRST!



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## A time for a Greek gift

**A**N EXTRAORDINARY number of players appear to delight in doing things the hard way. I sometimes gain the impression that they purposely get off to a bad start for the sheer pleasure of effecting a dramatic return from the dead. As one who admires the sporting spirit in all its manifestations I am ever ready to applaud a shrewd recovery, but my simple nature cries out for more foresight and perhaps a little less daring.

A good or bad start at bridge often consists simply of the opening lead. It is generally agreed that some hands call for neutral leads. These are the hands on which one must take care to avoid the loss of a trick. There are other hands where time is the essential factor. The bidding possibly has suggested that declarer may be able to obtain discards on some good suit, and so an attacking lead is indicated. There is still another type of lead, perhaps more difficult to classify, but which forms the basis of the current offering.

Both sides vulnerable  
West dealer

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 N.T.	PASS	4♥	4♠
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

It is our view that the bidding of all the players was above reproach.

It may seem odd that I have endorsed South's four-

spade bid, since it could have been beaten 800 points. I do endorse it, however, for several reasons. 1) South had seven cold tricks in his own hand, and with North marked short in hearts South wouldn't need much luck to make another trick or two by way of heart ruffs, even if the dummy turned up without a face card. 2) It was likely, from where South sat, that the opponents would make their four-heart contract for game and rubber. Observe that they would have done just that—all East would have had to do was take the spade finesse for a diamond discard. 3) The human element is not to be overlooked. Even though it is true that the bid of four spades could, with ideal defense, have been soundly thrashed, in real life such defense does not always turn up.

West, recalling only that partner had bid hearts, opened the 6 of that suit—and for the rest of the play period he might just as well have been sitting it out. South won with the heart ace, cashed the diamond ace and ruffed a heart, then pitched his two clubs on dummy's top diamonds. A club and heart crossruff followed in close order, and declarer was quite gracious about giving West a couple of trump tricks. Four spades bid and doubled, with five-odd made, gave North-South a very pleasing score.

In order to reap the maximum penalty West had to lead clubs (and East, of course, would return his singleton trump), but such an opening lead must be regarded as double-dummy; and West is not open to criticism for being less than clairvoyant. But it was clear from East's pre-emptive heart leap and South's four-level overall that freakish conditions might well be present, and so it was indispensable for West to get a look at dummy. The safe and sane way to do that was by laying down the ace of trumps.

There is nothing second-sighted about this observation. Granted, few players even consider the lead of the ace from an ace-queen-small combination, but that is because most players are creatures of habit. West had two spade tricks, and he would still have them if he led the ace. He would not be forced to continue the suit—he would do so only if the view of dummy made it advisable, as it would in this case. It would be logical enough to lead another trump even though it sacrificed the queen; but even if West shifted to clubs he would beat the contract one trick.

### EXTRA TRICK

There should be no compulsion about leading the suit partner has bid. Sometimes analysis will show that it should actually be avoided.

END



SOUGHAK BLASTS FROM ROUGH ON WAY TO ONE-SHOT VICTORY

## Mike shows how in the Western

**Mike Souchak put on a furious finish to win one of the nation's oldest golf events, but one that faces a future of slipping prestige**

CREEPING QUIETLY through Pittsburgh last week, almost buried under the clamor that seethed around a pending steel strike, the visit of Soviet First Deputy Premier Frol Kozlov, the All-Star baseball game and three frenetic extra-inning victories by the Pittsburgh Pirates, was the 56th Western Open golf championship, this country's second-oldest open tournament. It was won by Mike Souchak, currently the straightest long hitter in golf, who picked up a first prize of \$5,000 with an 8-under-par 272 for 72 holes. Souchak has been on a strenuous diet that has pulled his weight down 25 pounds to a mobile 195 and, having won the Western, the Tournament of Champions, plus some \$38,000 in cash, is in the midst of his finest competitive year.

This year's championship was played at the Pittsburgh Field Club, site of the 1937 PGA tournament, on a first-class course in prime condition and during perfect golfing weather. It was also played in almost complete seclusion, a condition that can be traced only to the fact that Pittsburgh is not much of a town for golf watching. There were only 1,400 spectators on hand the first two days. Scarcely 2,600 people on Saturday saw the third round despite the fact that Arnold Palmer and Souchak, both local Pennsylvania boys, were the two leaders. Coming to the tee to start his third round Amateur Don Cherry, a crooner who can currently be heard rendering the Mr. Clean

commercial, remarked: "This has got to be the most expensive private golf tournament ever put on."

On the final day a gallery of 3,000 watched Souchak pick up five strokes on Co-leader Palmer after 11 holes and tie him for the lead. On the 11th, a 504-yard par 5, Mike reached the green with a drive and a four-iron, getting his birdie while Palmer had to be content with a par. They played even to the 18th, an uphill par 3 of 220 yards where Souchak was on the green but 40 feet below the pin, while Palmer faded his drive into a trap some 15 feet to the right of the hole. Mike two-putted for a final round of 65, but Arnold, after exploding out only three feet away from the cup, missed the tricky sidehiller and Souchak had won the championship.

### CWINDLING STATUS

At one time, in a history that dates back to 1899, the Western ranked second only to the National Open as a big-time, prestige golf event. It was an important playing date for all the ranking professionals and amateurs, and even Bob Jones, who seldom strayed far from the national championship reservation, competed in the 1921 installment. The list of Western winners contains golf's most evocative names, Willie Anderson, Chick Evans, Mac Smith, Walter Hagen (five times), Jim Barnes, Tommy Armour, Gene Sarazen, Ralph Guldahl (three successive wins), Byron Nelson, Jimmy Demaret, Ben Hogan,

Sam Snead, Cary Middlecoff, Doug Ford and now Souchak. In the years since World War II, however, the Masters and PGA championships have moved well ahead as prestige events, and the Western now finds itself jumbled in with all the other weekly shows on the professional tour, scrambling desperately to keep its bones from getting picked absolutely clean of status. The chief factor behind this decline is the sudden flowering of so many rich, commercially backed tournaments that can afford to offer substantially more prize money than the Western Open's sponsors, these being various civic groups throughout the country which put on the Western in partnership with the Western Golf Association.

The WGA was founded in 1899 by a group of Chicago golf enthusiasts who chafed under what appeared to them to be the stealthy and unhealthy spread of eastern power in the guidance of national golf affairs. Today it is a contented subsidiary of the U.S. Golf Association, with 100 member clubs and 33,000 individual members. Its most vital function is that of running the Evans Scholars Foundation, a college scholarship program that is currently contributing liberally (an average of \$625 per year per student) toward the college expenses of some 400 former caddies. The executive vice-president of the WGA is a crew-cut, gray-haired man of 47 named Milton

*continued*

Woodard, who directs the association's tournaments. While last week's tournament clipped along outside, Woodard sat in an office just off the Field Club's locker room.

"We're struggling, we're struggling," he admitted, chewing on a burned-out cigar. "It's hard to see what kind of shape the golf-tournament picture is taking. I know we're being hurt by the tremendous influx of commercial, big-money tournaments like the Chicago and Buick Opens. They were put on just before ours this year, and both of them are \$50,000 deals compared to our \$25,000. Moneywise we can't compete against them because our tournaments are backed by civic groups who can't get up that kind of cash. In fact, I doubt if any average tournament can make money on its own merits without a fantastic amount of advance selling and promotion by the club members and their committees. I'm just thinking out loud here, but it seems to me that the future of tournament golf depends now on what the commercial guy does."

Actually, though the Western Open may have lost some of its glamour in the eyes of the general golfing public which associates big events with big money, it still retains a high position among competing golfers.

"I've always ranked it among the top four," says Doug Ford, who won the event in 1957, has played in eight others and is decidedly averse to sentiment in such matters. "Just behind the Open, Masters and the PGA."

The Western's strength lies partly in the fact that it is almost always played on first-rate golf courses, but largely its standing comes from a long and glowing history. Originally the event was held entirely in the Midwest but, as the association expanded, the Western began to move around the country and in recent years has been lodged as far afield as Portland, Ore. and Buffalo.

Much of the Western's colorful tradition has been supplied by the flamboyant Walter Hagen, who won the title in 1916, 1921, 1926, 1927 and 1932. Hagen, now 66, was recently visited at his summer home in Traverse City, Mich. and asked to recall some of his Western triumphs.

"Hell, yes," was his response, the old sparkle coming into his bright green eyes. "We had a lot of fun in those days." He got two cans of beer

out of the refrigerator and described how he beat Jack Hutchison in his first Western win in 1916 at Blue Mound Country Club in Milwaukee.

"I'd been playing the first nine holes in the final round in bad style," he went on. "In fact, I'd really bailed them up when—and you have to get a kick out of this—I hit my tee shot to the front edge of the short ninth hole, about 40 feet from the hole. When I got down to the green, Jack,



EARLY JOY for Palmer turned to gloom on last hole where he missed three-foot putt.

who was about to play up to the clubhouse from the 18th tee, looks over.

"How you doing?" he asked me.

"Lousy, how are you doing?"

"A three here for a 69."

"Well, you've got it in the bag," I told him, "but wait a minute and watch this." Then I stepped up and hit the ball, and it humped and bumped and rolled right into the cup. After that I got a whole mess of threes and wound up beating Jack by one stroke."

Ten years later Hagen and Harry Cooper were putting on a nip-and-tuck fight for the championship.

"I'm playing just behind Cooper as we come to the 18th hole," Hagen continued. "He had a big gallery and I had my big gallery, but neither group knew what the other fellow was doing. I'm breaking the course record and so is he, but I'm ahead of

him in the tournament. He's down the middle with his drive on 18 and then puts his second shot up about 10 feet below the cup. Then he knocks it in the cup and goes on into the clubhouse where everyone's congratulating him for breaking the course record and maybe winning the championship."

Hagen played an almost identical three to tie Cooper's minutes-old course record and stay ahead of him by several strokes with only 18 holes left to play. His young son, Walter Jr., had been walking along with him.

"I figured this would be a good place to have some fun with the boys," Hagen said, "so I put the kid up there on my shoulders, looking real nonchalant. When I got inside the locker room there's everyone around Cooper, making a big fuss."

"What's all the commotion?" I asked.

"Why Harry's just broken the course record with a 66 and looks like he's going to win."

"Sixty-six only ties the record," I said.

"No, no, it breaks it," they all shouted.

"Sorry, boys, but I just shot a 66 too and I guess I'll win this thing after all."

Hagen then took a sip of beer, smiled in mischievous recollection and said to his visitor, "That was the most interesting finish as far as I'm concerned, but I wouldn't say it was too interesting for Harry. I beat him by seven strokes."

Another decade later, in 1936, Ralph Guldahl began his amazing streak by winning the first of three successive Western championships at Daveport, Iowa. In 1937 and 1938 he was also to win the U.S. Open.

"I remember that tournament well," says Charlie Bartlett, the *Chicago Daily Tribune's* able golf writer.

"Guldahl had absolutely no dough at all and was staying with his wife and little boy in some dollar-a-night hotel. Well, he won that tournament, then went to the Northwest and won out there and wound up one of the year's leading money winners. Boy, he was on his way then."

The years since Guldahl's three straight victories have also been filled with dramatic moments, of which Mike Souchak's victory is an important one, but its supporters can now only hope that the Western, like Guldahl, is still on its way rather than simply on its way out. **END**



The  
"whirr"  
tells  
you...

**It tells you the lens is setting itself...** that you hold the world's only 16mm electric eye movie camera. The "whirr" is the sound of the electric eye as it measures the light and sets the lens, even while you're shooting. There's nothing to learn, the mastery is built-in. Every foot of film you take is properly exposed. It's the world's most distinctive movie camera and only Bell & Howell makes it. Magazine load (above) or roll film models, \$329.95. *FINER PRODUCTS THROUGH IMAGINATION* ► **Bell & Howell**





# GOLDEN GREENWOOD

**Birthplace of sportsmen, children's paradise, San Francisco's**

**Golden Gate Park provides everything from baseball to bison**

by **HORACE SUTTON**

STRANGE and frequently momentous doings are almost always afoot in the gorgeous greenery of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, a squared-off tract three and a half miles long that was once a shifting Sahara of 50-foot dunes. In the proper season hordes of young athletes are at large on Big Rec Field, their backs emblazoned with legends that read "Johnson's Tamales" or "Wally's Fork Lifts," identifying the sponsors of the park's sandlot league which has spawned three DiMaggios, Tony Lazzeri, Babe Pinelli, Willie Kamm and such current lights as Gil McDougald, Gerry Coleman and Gus Triandos.

In the mating season buffalo bulls fight it out for the supremacy of a herd that roams a great green paddock undulating over Golden Gate's northwest acres. Just down the curving South Drive, past the bowling green where septuagenarians in the blue blazers and white ducks of the Bowling Club roll spheroids down the Kelly-green grass, young tennisists gambol on Golden Gate's orange-and-green courts. Knowingly or not, they tread on territory hallowed by that oldtime great, Maurice McLaughlin, and later by Don Budge, Alice Marble, Art Larsen and Tom Brown, all of whom began the long climb by bounding up the rungs of the park's peppy tournament program. And while all these efforts are expended in behalf of glory, on au-

tumn Sundays the 49ers, those hard-blocking Hessians, perform for pay in Kezar Stadium, home of the East-West football game, which occupies a corner of the park too.

From the California Academy of Sciences inside the park expeditions have departed, bound for the plains of Patagonia and the wilds of Manchuria and the Galapagos Islands. Out of a mist-shrouded dell on foggy days, archers suddenly appear, like bowmen padding some strange Sherwood Forest-by-the-Sea. Fishermen perfect their fly-casting in practice pools, boatmen send magnificent model rigs across Spreckels Lake and converse with each other in a patois quite their own. Golfers tee off down fairways that are shaded by leafy boughs from any hint of the world of mortar that bustles just beyond the chlorophyll curtain. Polo ponies clump the Golden Gate turf on sunny Sundays, while, in another part of the forest, excursionists ply the lagoon in the shadow of a Norwegian boathouse that recalls strains of Grieg floating over some far-off fiord.

Whole hillades are covered with hydrangeas in spring, and dahlias grow peach-colored and white, apricot, lavender and yellow, some of them a foot in diameter. Fuchsia flushes in dappled sunlight under scene cyresses, and elsewhere are stalwart redwoods, which are among the oldest living things in the world. With the late spring acacia trees around the horseshoe-pitching courts bloom yellow, peacocks rustle out of the punga tree ferns, and across the street kids suck the sugar from the nasturtiums that grow in orange clouds on the trimmed walkways.

It defies the imagination of a some-

time Sunday planter to realize that in 1870 three quarters of the park was all shifting sand blown up from the bordering Pacific. It took years of experimentation and failure with barley and yellow lupine until a planting could be found that would hold the sands. Seeds of sea bent grass were imported from France by French bankers in San Francisco, and after years of nurturing in the park's hot-houses they were finally planted in the dunes.

Most of Golden Gate's plants begin life grandly in a great glass palace called the Conservatory, which was shipped, knocked down, from England around Cape Horn by James Lick, a San Francisco millionaire. Inside this gingerbread hothouse an army of gardeners works not only for the park but for the city. The park supplies corsages for ladies invited to civic functions, sends potted palms by the hundreds to provide the shade and the decoration for municipal banquets. It honors visiting conventions and delegations with floral masterpieces inland on a slope in front of the Conservatory. Some designs require more than 20,000 plants, bouquets that cost the city a cool thousand dollars each.

THE magnificence of Golden Gate's plantings is due not only to the subtlety of the weather but also to a San Francisco legend called John McLaren, who came to the park in its sand-dune days and served it as superintendent for 36 years until his death in 1943. McLaren hated signs, statues and automobiles, and fought to keep all of them out of the park. Riding his preserves in a horse cart, he battled the advent of the automobile, deplored the move to cut down the hedges so drivers would have better vision. Once, when the city sent diggers from a public works department to widen park roads, McLaren

continued

**BEYOND THE SANDS** from which it was reclaimed, Golden Gate Park extends inland for more than three miles. In the foreground is a recreation field, with football, soccer and softball facilities; behind it a golf course; in center, Golden Gate Park Stadium. Spreckels Lake is at far left.

dispatched a counterdetail in the middle of the night to fill in the trenches that had been dug during the day. It was the heritage he left that caused San Francisco to rise in a body and kill the proposal to bisect the park with a freeway. Doubtless McLaren would have barricaded the roads had he lived to see the sports car races that were held in the park for three seasons from 1932 through 1954. Perhaps he might have refused if he knew the money was raised to send children to summer camp, for children were a prime consideration to him. "We're not growing grass, we're growing children," he once said.

He fought bitterly against the encroachment of statues, once warned some city fathers seeking to immortalize a patriot with a marble bust, "You plant those statues in, and I'll plant them out." And he did, letting his bushes grow long and straggly until the sculpted figure of Father Junipero Serra, a famous landmark, was thrusting his cross into a grove of untrimmed palm trees, and Beetho-

ven, Verdi, Goethe and Cervantes lay as jungle-covered as the ruins of Angkor Wat. It is an oft-mentioned irony that McLaren himself should have been honored by a statue in the park. His image stands, however, on no pedestal, but on the lawn, like a dirt gardener, surrounded by his favorite rhododendrons, of which the park now grows some 500 varieties.

For McLaren's children there is a special playground, where the grassward warning says "This Lawn Is Reserved for Women and Children Only." In addition to a lawn a child can run on, unthinkable in many of the nation's parks, there is a barnyard full of lambs, peacocks, pigeons and rabbits, with a transient seagull or two swooping in occasionally for a potluck luncheon of peanuts. San Francisco children are imbued early with the fanciful glories of the city's cable cars—there is an old one planted in the playground just to climb on. But there is a merry-go-round, too, just like other cities have, and a ride on it still costs only a nickel.

Outside McLaren Lodge, which is the name for park headquarters, two royal palms arise, and alongside them a giant Monterey cypress, which, when decorated with lights, as it is each holiday season, becomes the nation's tallest living Christmas tree, 105 feet to its highest branch. Out in Lindley Meadow, Golden Gate's herd of sheep becomes part of a living crèche, and the shepherds are dressed in Biblical robes and given staffs, and a lot of ram now and then to ward off the chill.

European red deer, white phase red deer and goats live in the park, too, most of them sharing the paddock with the score of buffalo, or bison, as they are more properly known. The buffalo first came to the park as an exhibit of the Mid-Winter Fair of 1894. The exhibitor owed money to a drugstore owner in Oakland, across the Bay, and the pharmacist finally attached the buffalo. Not knowing exactly what to do with a couple of tons of wild beast on the hoof, he gave the buffalo to the Park Commission, and that was the start of the herd. From time to time the park authorities have added a bison or two, obtaining them from the U.S. Government's Yellowstone preserve, which donates them free but charges a service fee of \$37 a head—\$2 for catching and \$35 for crating.

Fall, which seems to be the busy season around the buffalo paddock,

was also the time for a favorite prank of young San Franciscans: sawing the chain at the door to the paddock fence. Halloween might have been a traditional time for lighting pumpkin faces and invoking witch visits in other communities around the land, but in San Francisco it wasn't properly celebrated unless the buffalo herd, all 20 of them, were set free.

The Park Code, not to mention the citizens' normal sense of propriety, is specific about loose animals in the park. Section 43 prohibits any person to allow to "run at large" any "horse, mule, ass, cattle, goat, sheep, swine or fowl. . . ." Moreover, it demands that "no person having in charge a dog shall permit, allow or suffer such dog" to roam leashless about in the park. It took strong representations by dog lovers to alter the rule in order to permit a new sport, dog obedience training, to be practiced, as it is today, on a fenced-in greensward on the park grounds.

Golden pheasant and great turquoise peacocks roam wild through the park, although the peacocks have chosen a home in which to roost and rarely stray far from it. Incredibly, it is the sewage conversion plant where they strut in their brilliant feathers like guests in evening clothes, also have, inexplicably, turned up for a gala in an outhouse.

Until the early '30s, the park was irrigated with raw sewage. McLaren, who was interested in growing flowers, was frequently at loggerheads with the city health authorities, who deplored the practice. When the health authorities occasionally dammed the flow of sewage to the park, McLaren despatched confederates in the black of night to open the ducts again. The game finally ended when the city installed intricate filters and treating plants. City sewage is now reclaimed in the park and used in dried flake form for fertilizer. All living matter has by then been killed except for tomato seeds which, having made a long and circuitous trip, occasionally sprout again in the park's enriched soil.

Even Stow Lake, with its wistful Norwegian outhouse, is reclaimed sewer water, and stickelbacks, a trash fish, and carp exist, apparently happily, in its chemically treated waters. A reservoir of reclaimed water fills a crater on top of Strawberry Hill, a small alp in the center of Stow Lake. When more water is needed on park



KIDS LOVE SLIDE AND CABLE CAR



FLANKED BY PALMS, BORDERED BY FLOWERS, THE CONSERVATORY RISES GRANDLY

plants, a big faucet is turned on. Water spills over the reservoir and becomes Huntington Falls, splashing over rocks and under bridges, wending its way eventually to Middle Lake and North Lake as it courses toward the ocean. Anywhere on route it can be drained off to irrigate a meadow. (Old S.F., wheeze: Where you going on your vacation this year? Oh, I'm going to Huntington Falls.)

Spreckels Lake was built by Claus Spreckels after the San Francisco fire for the express purpose of providing a sea for sailing model boats. Technocracy has brought an invasion of powerboats, too, and they swarm the water like angry aquatic bees. Despite the rivalry between devotees of sail and motor, both share a handsome clubhouse on the shore of the lake, which was built by the WPA. There are a dozen boats in the power division, 30 or more in the sail division, divided into an X class (1,000 square inches of sail) and an A class (1,500 square inches of sail). Some 40 members—barbers, shipwrights, insurance underwriters, naval architects, skippers of private yachts and retired sea captains—meet every second Thursday, pay \$6 to join and \$50¢ a month dues. They travel to other California cities for races, but on most Sundays Spreckels Lake is buzzing with power in the morning and glittering with sail in the afternoon. Powerboats that cost between \$400 and \$500 race around balloon buoys, guided by radio. They are off the water by midday, when the westerly trade winds begin to come up. In the afternoon session, model skippers in yachting caps pore up and down the shoreline like tethered bears, growling about the breezes and the trees that screen Fulton Street.

"Flukey winds," one of them griped the other Sunday. "Ya should have a direct west wind. Hell, you have to luff up, come up, you don't know whether you're in or out of it."

Meanwhile, just a few yards down the road, the horsey set in its tweeds and its open cars is drawn up before the playing field of the Golden Gate Park Stadium. The San Francisco Polo and Racing Club is about to fulfill its promise: polo for the people. Its 30-odd members pay a \$100 initiation fee, plus \$8.10 a game. The park in turn gets \$72 a game every Sunday in season. The club has also raced horses against cars, horses against men, as well as horses against horses. Probably it will soon have to share its 60 stalls with ordinary riding mounts—all because of a *drou-ha* about the bridle trails.

WITH the collapse of the last private riding stable on the periphery of the park, Golden Gate found itself laced with miles and miles of lovely bridle trails but no horses. The polo group, trying to help the park authorities get horses back into San Francisco, offered to build a new stable on the park's west end. But the neighborhood rose in a bloody class struggle. Manure, they cried. Flies. Dangerous horses. There are too many buildings in the park as it is, and besides horseback riders and polo players, even if they are playing for the people, are too classy for a public park. Now the park hopes to use the polo stables as a boarding house for riding horses at least half the year. That way no more park real estate will be appropriated for equestrian activities and the trails will be used again.

Strangely, no such outcry was reg-

istered when the somewhat esoteric sport of fly-casting was wedged into the limited park acreage. The Anglers' Lodge, home of the Golden Gate Angling and Casting Club, is paneled like a fishing lodge in the north woods, has a stained-glass dry fly in the front door and a fireplace inside. Its over 200 members pay a modest \$9 a year, may then use any of the three pools, one for practice, one for distance and the third for accuracy, using either bait or fly.

Nor have there been severe protestations over the money that is going into the handball and tennis courts three miles down the greening landscape. Under construction are concrete box-type handball courts, replacing the old wooden walls on which former U.S. champion Al Bonnet and San Francisco policeman Bob Brady, this year's runner-up, learned the game. For northern California's active young tennis, the park's building a \$70,000 tennis clubhouse, which will make Golden Gate's tennis program even more attractive to citizens and rising players alike. Even without such country club appearances Golden Gate was always an attractive place for young Coast players. Don Budge recalls how he started playing at Bushrod Park across the Bay in Oakland. At 15 he entered his first tournament at Golden Gate. "It was like going to Wimbledon," he says. "There were lots of tournaments. It was fun. It was a beautiful place to go for the weekend. You could have a picnic on the grass and take a little gal down the winding walks and through the Aquarium." Four years after he began working his way through the Golden Gate tournaments, Budge broke into the national rankings. Two years later he was No. 1 in the country, but he still went back to play the Golden Gate asphalt three or four times a year.

Baseball at Big Rec, a few yards away, has roots that go even deeper. Harry Heilmann, Mark Koenig and Babe Pinelli all played its sandlot leagues. And when they came home to San Francisco, they came out to Golden Gate and worked with such up-and-comers as Joe Cronin, then carrying the colors of Hills Brothers Coffee. It was a friendly kind of arrangement, Cronin remembers. Playing shortstop in one field, you always had the left fielder from another hall game nearby for conversation.

continued



ON LINDLEY MEADOW PARK SHEEP GRAZE PEACEFULLY WHILE BILLOWY FOG STEALS IN BENEATH THE SPREADING TREES

#### GOLDEN GATE continued

Tom DiMaggio, who runs the family's restaurant at Fisherman's Wharf, brother Dom and brother Joe all played Big Rec. As a 16-year-old Joe played for Rossi's Olive Oil and then for Sunset Produce. In his 17th summer he played the last three games of the season for the Seals.

For almost 35 years now, Golden Gate's biggest sporting crowds have been flooding into the open bowl of aging Kearsy Stadium, which was opened by Pavo Nurmi on a May day in 1923. For years it has been the annual New Year's Day scene of the East-West Shriner's game and the home of the professional 49ers. Although sportswriters once voted its press box the worst in the country, the writers' roost, like the rest of the stadium, has recently been face-lifted and revitalized. Probably Kearsy will remain the playground of the 49ers, who have been casting a flirtatious eye at the new ball park of the San Francisco Giants. The park people have made it clear that the bayside ball park will only hold 45,000 football fans compared with the 65,000 capacity of Kearsy. Nobody, of course, is superstitious, but, as a park official was saying recently, look what happened to the University of San Francisco basketball team, vaunted holders of the NCAA and the NIT crowns, who moved from their home in Kearsy's basketball pavilion into their

own new million-dollar gym last fall, abandoning Kearsy to high school teams. In their new home, far from Golden Gate's verdure, they rang up their worst season in history.

But all these athletic endeavors aside, Golden Gate is also, to borrow a favorite Russian term, a park of culture and rest. Culture is condensed in an enclave just behind the Big Rec ball grounds, where the California Academy of Sciences, with its Aquarium, Planetarium, North American and African Halls, faces the De Young Museum of Art across the Music Concourse. Not only can San Franciscans be art viewers, they can be art patrons by joining the De Young Museum Society, which offers private previews, lectures, receptions and concerts. Across the way in the Steinhart Aquarium, the tanks are full of fire-bellied toads, *akoleholes*—Hawaiian mountain bass—and archerfish, whose food is thrown on the sides of the glass tank so they can spit it down with jets of water. A sign invites the public to watch the archerfish spit at 3 p.m. daily.

THE Academy, which runs two television shows a week, has sent its scientists to Australia for snakes, to the Galapagos for tortoises and lizards (they brought back an iguana 3½ feet long), to Manchuria for insects that burrow into the redwood trees that grow in a small corner of China.

Music wells out of the Concourse

on special days and flouts over the celebrated Japanese Tea Garden, which, like the buffalo, is a holdover from the California Mid-Winter Exposition of 1894. Although its Japanese house sells barbecue aprons inscribed "Ichu Ban Cooksan," one can sit, nevertheless, amid bamboo, the Oriental cedars, the red pagoda, and the arching Moon Bridge and contemplate the goldfish while Japanese waitresses in obs. fetch sugarless jasmine tea and Chinese fortune cookies. And no matter that an ambitious politician once filled the rookies with exhortations to vote for him for judge.

What can't you do in Golden Gate Park? Well, the rules are simple. For one thing, you cannot practice palmistry for compensation. Or land a dirigible. Or arrive by parachute, cause a balloon to descend, or use insulting language. Especially, you may not offer tobacco to a fish. But in Golden Gate Park you can snuff the medicinal effluvia of a drooping eucalyptus carried in the pouch of a rolling fog. You can amble out to the park's very beginning, where Murphy Windmill, imported from Holland, and Amundsen's sloop, the *Gjon*, first ship to make the Northwest Passage, stand looking out across the flat beach to the Pacific beyond. The sea wind searches the creases of your face and rushes inland, only to be snared in the bending cypresses, standing like protective mothers just where the green begins. **END**

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

## The readers take over

### BOXING: BREAK OUT THE SNORGASBORD!

Sir: A very big thank you. The coverage of the heavyweight championship (SI, July 8) was exactly what I looked for. Martin Kane is the smartest fight writer in the business. He not only knows fighting but he can write too. You can't hardly ever find them like that.

But he may have a little chicken in him. In his forecast he pegged the whole affair with great skill—and then in the last paragraph, well, you got to go with the champ, you know! Ingo and the arena turned out a layout that looked as if it had been done after the fight, not before.

You needn't look for any fighters out of Rome. All the young men here do vote themselves exclusively to pinching female bottoms. Entirely different set of muscles involved. Much pleasanter all around and less dangerous. Unless they come up against my daughters, who punch back.

N. RONALD JOHNSON

Rome, Italy

● Nunnally Johnson, onetime newspaperman (Columbus Enquirer-Sun; New York Herald Tribune; Brooklyn Daily Eagle) is the writer-director-producer of more good films than even Hollywood can readily recall (among them *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Gunfighter*, *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and *The Three Faces of Eve*). A Georgian, Johnson replies to suggestions that *Tobacco Road* was about his kind of people by explaining: "Where I come from we call them the country-club set." One of Johnson's dauntless daughters is Nora Johnson, whom readers will remember as the author of *Girls! It's Good to Go!* (SI, Sept. 22).—ED.

Sirs:

I want to congratulate SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on the scoop of the century—Robert Riger's oh-so-peppery drawing of the so-called big fight. Credits to Robert Riger, credits to Ingemar Johansson. Perhaps now we will have a fighting champion; SPORTS ILLUSTRATED got the scoop on Ingemar's view of how the fight would go—and that was exactly how it went. This truly must have been Ingemar's easiest fight. Patterson must learn not to lunge so badly off balance—and who says Riger took Ingo's mind off his training? Break out the smorgasbord—till the rematch!

TED R. LANDIS

Brookville, Ohio

Sirs:

The Johansson victory over Patterson was the best thing that could have happened to the fight game. No longer will

the public have to stand for "Pete Rademacher defenses" or have to put up with childish managerial tactics. For the first time since Patterson won the title in 1954 worldwide contenders will be given a chance at the championship. Ingemar Johansson is the savior of the fight game.

R. LEBOW

Bridgeport, Conn.

Sirs:

PLEASE ACCEPT KUDOS FROM CHARTER MEMBERS FOR LATEST SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GRAND SLAM—INGEMAR JOHANSSON, JIMMIE DUKES, MAX CONRAD, RODEO COMBOS (SI, JULY 8)

J. VERSELS

Austin, Texas

Sirs,

I knew you'd report the fight in an all-out way with photographs as well as words, but the story of Mr. Andersson's *daylong* added just the most delightfully novel twist to an already wonderful fight presentation. To you should go an Oscar for unique reporting and coverage of this Patterson-Johansson spectacle.

BETTY MACLOY

Cascade, Iowa

Sirs:

For lack of something better let's call it "amusing peripatency."

In any event, I've seen you put it to work before, but never better than in your prodigal prediction of Ingemar's exploding right.

It hit the mark with readers like myself, and I'm sure made converts of many who were not.

Congratulations.

GEORGE NICHOLS

Los Angeles

Sirs:

There is one sportswriter—and most likely only one—who called the outcome of the Patterson-Johansson fight just right. Don Elbaum went out on a limb the Sunday before the fight in the *Eve* (Pa.) *Town-News* by fairly predicting: "Johansson by a K.O.—Third round."

But Elbaum supported his limb with some pretty good reasoning. To him Patterson stood for speed and Johansson for power. "Speed against power with my vote going to the power," wrote Elbaum. "I look for the 3-1 underdog to score a major upset and move in as the new champ. The K.O. should come in the early rounds . . . and boxing will be much better off with Ingemar Johansson as the new heavyweight champion."

Pretty good predicting, eh? Elbaum is a former amateur fighter (62 fights as a lightweight), who turned to matchmaking in this part of the country after serving in Korea. He also writes a boxing

column

## Quaffmanship

Where would New England be today if the Pilgrims had no ample supply of beer?

Their original destination was Virginia, but a journal of their voyage reads: "We could not now take time for further search, our vocations being much spent, especially on beer."

And where would you be today if you had an ample supply of beer? Of magnificent Carlsberg beer? Not on the Mayflower certainly—but possibly in Hemlock!

\*Thanks for Access



Hemlock  
Carlsberg Beer  
Bottle \$1.00 each  
8 for \$7.50. Write:  
Carlsberg Breweries  
444 Michigan Ave.  
S. E. 22

**Carlsberg  
Beer**

## Newest Camera Sensation MINOLTA 16 hides in pocket or purse



Get regular 3 1/2 x 4 inch snapshots. Color slides fit any 35mm projector. Completely automatic—even focusing. Famous Rokkor f:3.5 lens. Kodak and Anscofilm. Takes indoor pictures without flash. At any fine camera counter.

**MINOLTA CAMERAS**  
150 Broadway, New York 38, N.Y.

## COMPLETE KITCHEN

COMBINED STOVE • OVEN  
SINK • REFRIGERATOR  
FREEZER • STORAGE



Other models available with 6 cu. ft. refrigerator including 2 cu. ft. pull-out freezer drawer... stainless steel or porcelain tops... natural wood finishes... garbage disposal.

**WRITE** today for complete details and specifications of General Chef kitchen units.  
**GENERAL AIR CONDITIONING CORP.**  
Dept. G-7, 4542 E. Dunham St.  
Los Angeles 23, California

**General Chef**  
NATIONWIDE SALES AND SERVICE

## Pick

And you'll pick **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Circulation now more than 850,000 families weekly

## Golfers FREE!

3 "STEEL FLIGHT" GOLF BALLS  
FABULOUS NEW STEEL CENTER BALLS

SOLD NATIONALLY AT 5¢ EACH



Register with us today on the Golfers Free Plan of America. You who love and distinguish as a member in just 12¢ and you receive 3 "STEEL FLIGHT" GOLF BALLS in your introductory Gift Plus your own copy of the new GOLF Members Equipment Catalog and a Personal Golf Record Book.

This exciting offer is made to demonstrate the many advantages of membership. You will have at your disposal the world's finest selection of American and foreign... Clubs • Bags • Balls • Caddies • Repair Service, all available at special SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS from the regular selling prices. Send your check for \$2.00 now. Your subscription guaranteed.

**GOLFERS CLUB PLAN OF AMERICA**  
Executive Office 1760 Broadway, N. Y. 19.

## 18TH HOLE

column for the *Times-News*, Elbaum tried to get Johnson to come to this country in 1957 but had no luck.

CHUCK HEATON

Cleveland

Sirs:

I think the attendance figures for the Johnson-Patterson fight are further proof that as the sports center New York is dead. Some New Yorkers blame it on the weather, which was surely a factor, but still this is not sufficient reason for such a pitiful attendance. Some say it was caused by a poor press, but surely if the press gives poor support to an event like this, it is a black mark for the city as a sports center.

The day is gone when the mere presence of a large number of people is enough—there must be general interest. Population alone doesn't make a good sports town.

I predict the rematch will be held in L.A. and will draw three to four times the attendance of the first one in N.Y.

KARL UMBLEY

Minneapolis

Sirs:

Whereas I have spotted seven more often on trucks than shoes in my own limited ring career; and whereas I have been an avid subscriber for years; and whereas I have studied the Ingo-Floyd fracas, for real and on film, I am therefore resolved that you be apprised of my disappointment, in the practically universal failure among purveyors of sports reports, to adequately acknowledge Patterson's gallant, albeit semi-conscious, reaction to Johnson's surprise attack.

MAJOR JOHN B. CRICKERING, USAF  
La Jolla, Calif.

Sirs:

I wish to express to you my sincere congratulations on your great coverage of the heavyweight championship bout. Ingenious Johnson, regardless of the outcome of the September rematch, should be, without a doubt, voted Sportsman of the Year 1958.

J. NORMAN O'NEAL

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I heartily congratulate you and especially Martin Kane for his June 22 article, *Togi's Right and Floyd's Perdition* in *Collier's*.

I didn't see the fight, but what I have read and heard certainly proves that Ings was speaking the truth. It happened just as he said in your article.

I think it was great for boxing that Floyd lost his crown because now the world champion still fight good contenders. If Cus D'Amato wants his title back he will have to let his man work for it.

JORGE A. CANO

Havana, Cuba

Sirs:

Floyd Patterson apparently is not the greatest heavyweight of our time, nor is he of the worst caliber, but he is the recipient of verbal blasts from the press that are as unjust as anything yet put forth by

the field sports reporter. A man with all Patterson deserves a better press.

Patterson has been criticized from all directions, regarding all things. He is too small to be a heavyweight, though they have been lighter; he can't punch, though he has retired the majority of his opponents prior to the end of the scheduled rounds; his opposition has been inferior, though he has fought the best that was available.

He no longer is champion; still it is difficult for the critics of the press to award anything but immunities to the current champion. I would wager that Johnson is perplexed as to what he must do before he is accepted. He has one-punchked the leading contender and the champion into submission, plus several other lesser victories by KOs, and yet he is an amateur in the eyes of many.

Possibly your magazine could devote some research into the field of what is required and expected of the world heavyweight champion. Something that will render him acceptable in the eyes of those who truly love the sport.

Floyd Patterson to me was the champion, and very possibly, come next September, he might well be champion again, in what may be the greatest but often attraction of all time. No man who gathers himself from the canvas seven times in any fight should be disappointed as not having one of the essentials of a true champion, a real honest-to-goodness fighting heart.

BILL BARRETT

Portland, Ore.

## BOXING: JULY 4, 1959

Sirs:

Those of your readers who enjoyed Fain's fair's life story of that great old fighter Jack Johnson might be interested in reading this account of Johnson's encounter with Jeffries, the former heavyweight champion who came out of retirement as the "white hope" to meet Johnson in Reno, Nevada, July 4, 1910. The letter (which) was written by my great-uncle J. W. Daniels to his brother Peter Daniels of Garden Grove, Iowa. It is to me a fascinating piece of American history. Present-day readers will excuse some of the phraseology in current use at the time.

MENTON T. DANIELS

Los Angeles

Reno, Nevada

July 10, 1910

Dear Sir and Brother:

Your letter at hand and so glad to hear from you.

Reno has settled back in normal conditions after the most famous one of the pay-little world ever seen, from the time they got the news that the fight would be brought here Reno has been the most interesting and exciting place I ever expect to see. From that time on they began to row; some on Patterson, some rode the trucks, and others didn't know how they got here. Yes, men with two legs, men with one leg, men without any legs at all. Barren never had such a collection. There were men without a son, men that got money, men that didn't get money, for if there were any crooks and yeggers in the world that wasn't here it was because they were in jail.

For 48 hours before the fight took place there were trains coming in from the East and the West in four, five and six sections, and there were miles of sidetracks full of cars. There were newspapers sold by the score, movie picture machines by the dozens, Puerto Indians and bearded hatters. Many hot checks of money on the gambling houses before the big will come off. Some went home for more, others had no more home than a jack rabbit.

Five hours before the time arrived they began to fill up the big fox-shag-shaped arena that seated over 16,000 and at 2 o'clock when I got in, it looked more like a scene of less than anything else that I can think of. The audience was dotted with women, and one booth reserved for them. There was 5,000 on the outside that didn't get in, but even a woman and baby sealed the walls of the arena, although it was well patrolled with police.

I had a seat that was as good as there was, with my back to the sun and right directly back of Jeff's corner. The sun peeped over the snow-capped Sierra Nevada at short range on the west, and the day must have been made to order. Exactly at 2:30 there was a clear voice shouted "Let's go!" and the big show opened. There are very few Negroes there, and a man orderly bawled out at everybody around to be obedient-minded, everybody out there as though they were the only one there.

John L. Sullivan and the rest of them were there to see the hope of the white race go the same route they had all gone.

But it's the same old story of a champion going in the ring sure too often.

You ask me what I thought of it. I will not tell you what I thought, but the pitiful shouting that big lobby the hope of the white race and a life that few Negroes could feel so small that I went home and looked in a plain glass mirror and I couldn't see myself. I am reading you a message, the coupon of my ticket was picture and a key you look at it don't forget I handed them a \$10 gold piece for it.



PRICE: TEN DOLLARS IN GOLD

There has been one-half ton of the other end of these tickets shipped to N. Y. to be disposed of as souvenirs.

Here is not a city but a town of 10,000, modern in every respect, lying a few miles from the foot of the east slope of the Sierra Nevada, where all regulations cease at least until you reach Ogden. It has the air of a city and of the same time is a typical frontier town.

Best wishes to all  
 And soon  
 J. B. D.



Treat  
 your guests  
 royally

## Arrow Creme de Menthe

There's no more royal treat than a delicious Arrow Creme de Menthe frappe... either after dinner or as a casual drink. It adds a touch of luxury and glamour. Also delightful as a highball or over the rocks.

ARROW LIQUEURS CORP., DETROIT 7, MICH. . 60 PROOF



**V-M**

The voice of music sings of pleasure. Heard stereophonically, your pleasure is more than redoubled. The Voice of Music offers for your lasting pleasure this unique system—a beautifully matched StereoVoice amplifier-speaker system. Both in deep blue DeFont Fabricoid® with white accents. The Phonograph, \$139.95. The amplifier-speaker system, \$49.95. (Slightly higher in the West.) V-M Corporation, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

the **V-M** of Music®

EST. IN 1927

## LIMERICK

A canny young Scot named MacDade  
Rode a bike in the baggage parade  
Said, "The tunes that I play  
Are from far Scotland way  
But my tires are American made."



While MacDade didn't say  
so his American-made tires  
are easy-rolling U.S. Royals  
that rugged sure stop-  
pings! They're America's  
fastest-selling bicycle tires.

**U.S. ROYAL**

**bicycle tires**

**United States Rubber**

Cycle Tire Department • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

**DRIVER'S PAL**



*Auto compass, clock, tachometer... keeps you on  
course. Taped info. I change for speed, grade, ex-  
cessive V. discounts. Push button illumination.  
24" diameter, cast plastic case. Also for small  
cars. \$25.57, \$40.95. At your dealer. Taylor Instru-  
ment Co., Inc., Rochester, N.Y. 14609, U.S.A.*

**A Taylor Instrument**

GOLF

TENNIS



Looking for active pleasure sports? Look in **SPORTS**. Open  
with short stories, golf, tennis, basketball, your favorite  
sport's whole heavy equipment, medicine, large. \$4.95  
Golf, whole heavy duty—Sport's Medicine, Large. \$5.95  
Add \$10.00 for shipping and handling charges.

**THE TOG SHOP** EIGHTH SQUARE  
AMERICA, GA.

## Pat on the Back

Photo: Sam Miller



**JOHN M. GOGGIN**

*'A unique contribution to knowledge'*

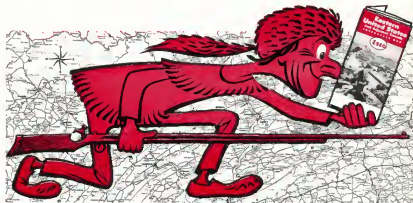
The sport of skin-diving was born 16 years ago when the French naval officer Jacques-Yves Cousteau, a serious student of oceanic flora and fauna, developed a breathing apparatus. Since then hosts of submerged humans paddling for fish or underwater pictures have made it the most flourishing of new sports. And at the University of Florida a 43-year-old professor-turned-skin-diver has converted this sport into a new academic discipline. Dr. John Goggin is an underwater archaeologist, one of the first of a new breed of artifact historians engaged in the underwater exploration of rivers, lakes and coastal waters.

Because rivers were often used as

dumps and sometimes as ceremonial burying grounds by Florida's earliest settlers, Goggin and his students, combing the beds of the Suwannee and Ichucknee rivers, have made finds that are very hard indeed to come by on land: rare majolica plates used by Spanish conquistadors and the most complete collection of Seminole Indian pottery in existence. Still to be evaluated: a huge, mysterious cache of prehistoric human bones discovered in a 200-foot-deep spring near St. Petersburg. Goggin, who has only scratched the surface of his river beds, feels that "underwater archaeology may well make a unique contribution to knowledge."



# BEST GUIDE YET....



**ESSO ROAD MAPS** are considered by millions of motorists to be the most complete and up-to-date maps made. Big and clearly detailed, these perfect road guides are the world's easiest to read. From across town to cross country you can always rely on accurate Esso Road Maps.

**ESSO TOURING SERVICE** is another important "Happy Motoring" aid found exclusively at the Esso Sign. It's the only free service that actually plans in detail a personalized trip for you . . . either at home or abroad. It also gives you the latest road conditions, places of interest, scenic routes and many other helpful hints for a perfect trip. Ask your Esso Dealer for a postpaid request card.

Of course there's no charge for these fine road maps and personalized touring service — they are yours for the asking . . . another reason why more people stop at the Esso Sign than any other in the entire area served by Esso Dealers.

Everything you need for  
*"Happy Motoring"*  
is yours at the Esso Sign!



ESSO STANDARD OIL COMPANY

# Philadelphia

THE HERITAGE WHISKY



*The Finer-Tasting Whisky  
Since 1894*



BLENDIO WHISKY 86 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORP. PHILADELPHIA, PA.



### The Great Blades

This famous sword was presented to John Paul Jones by the King of France, Louis XVI, as a special honor. Throughout the ages, such great blades have always been the gifts chosen . . .

*for Great Occasions*

To honor any modern achievement, Carvel Hall's great blades . . . carving sets and steak knives . . . match the greatness of modern occasions (birthdays, holidays, raises, promotions). The truly great blades . . .

are  
made by:



AT THE SIGN  
OF THE STATION  
WENT LEFT HANDS  
ON THE ROAD

Works by Don Knickerbocker: *Catfish Hill*, *Footprint*, *Marion*



**Largest Mercedes Benz Dealer in United States**  
Available from 380 - 380 - 218 - 220 Sedan,  
2995 Coupes & Roadsters, 1900L Roadsters  
& Coupes, 3000 Sedan Metal Sliding Roof,  
3000L Roadsters & Hard Tops.

**Widest Choice of Colors and Upholstering  
in All Models from \$8,500. to \$13,200.**

**BRYN MAWR  
MERCEDEN  
STUDEBAKER, Inc.**  
701 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. • LA 8-6556

**MANY MODELS STILL AVAILABLE FOR OVERSIX MONTHS**



HOME COURSE OF ART WALL,  
1939 MASTER CHAMPION

**Jack Castello**

POCONO MANOR 20, PENNSYLVANIA  
Phone: Mt. Pocono—Terminal 9, 3633

IN PHILADELPHIA, IT'S

**Helen Sigels**  
1523 WALNUT ST.  
RESTAURANT



TWO SAILORS LEFT FOLDED RAFT TO SIDE

## *Inflation— It's Wonderful*

A rubber life raft pumps new safety into oldtime yachting

SINCE its introduction at the boat show, this winter, a rubber life raft that completely inflates itself within 30 seconds has captured the imagination of U.S. yachtsmen. A commercial version of the self-inflating rafts of World War II, the 10-passenger model there's a six-man raft, too, folds into a carrying case three feet long. It weighs 130 pounds when packed with equipment, can be inflated by a tug on a lanyard and afloat has a bright, easily sighted yellow canopy that doubles as protection against all weathers. U.S. Rubber, the manufacturer, is doling out distributorships carefully, insisting upon factory-trained technicians to repack the rafts and check them periodically. The sizes sell for \$655 and \$705 and offer the kind of disaster protection yachtsmen have sought for years.

SAILOR LEAPS TO A BOARDING PLATFORM





Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

## Capsize or you've had it when this river goes underground

1. "A kayak trip down northern Italy's Sarca River is not for fainthearts. When the river disappears beneath the rocks, you turn turtle or you pile up," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "Overtaking your kayak, you get a shock. The water is cold—45 degrees. And it's 20 feet underground before there's any air space to get your breath, another 20 to daylight. Scary? You said so! And there's no turning back."



2. "Capsizing my kayak as the overhead elements loomed, I found my friend Guillermo shouting 'Buena fortuna!' by water's level over me, knocking my goggles askew. Then began the bottom-up paddling to get through."



3. "I swallowed a lot of water before I could right my kayak and breathe fresh air again. Navigating the Sarca's underwater passage is a struggle all the way. Dismayed for power, the river's current is too weak to propel a man without strenuous work on his part."



4. We'd earned a drink for our stunt run at Lake Garda so got our reward. The place: the Ristorante della Torre at Riva. The drink: what else but Canadian Club?

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You

can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for over 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

*Canadian Club*

8 years old • 60.4 proof • Imported from Canada

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH. BLENDER CANADIAN WHISKY





# The most important $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in smoking today

## NO FILTER FEEDBACK

Parliament is not the only cigarette that does a good job of trapping nicotine and tar. But Parliament is the only leading high-filtration cigarette that recesses its filter  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch to prevent filter feedback on your lips and tongue.

Someday all filter cigarettes will probably be made this better way. But today you can get this years ahead design only from Parliament — the world's most experienced filter people.

*Tobacco tastes best  
when the filter's recessed*



### HIGH FILTRATION JULY REPORT

Research cigarette companies Parliament & High Filtration cigarette companies. The FTC has found that Parliament cigarettes have the highest tar and nicotine content of any cigarette tested. The FTC has also found that Parliament cigarettes have the highest tar and nicotine content of any cigarette tested.

# Parliament

*Pick the Box  
you prefer*